

# *Glimpses of Indian America*

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W. F. JORDAN





GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN	CORNPLANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY  
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE  
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE  
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN  
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN  
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND  
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM  
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1911



MOUNTAIN INDIANS NEAR PUNO, PERU.



# Glimpses of Indian America

ILLUSTRATING PRESENT-DAY LIFE IN MEXICO  
AND PARTS OF CENTRAL AND  
SOUTH AMERICA

By

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American Bible Society*

*Author of "Crusading in the West Indies"*

ILLUSTRATED



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## Introduction

BY CHARLES S. DETWEILER

*Secretary for Latin North America for the American  
Baptist Home Missionary Society*

THE highland Indians of Mexico, Central, and South America are a distinct field of missionary endeavor, the fringe of which has scarcely been touched. Inhabiting the high valleys and table-lands that form the backbone of the continent, they themselves constitute the backbone and bulk of the population. It is generally acknowledged, even by Roman Catholic writers, that their condition to-day is worse than when they were discovered and conquered by the united representatives of the Spanish Church and State. It is true, however, that commendable efforts have been made by different liberal governments to better their condition in the matter of wages and to protect them against abuse. In Mexico the revolution begun by Madero brought them a large measure of political liberty. But to elevate them and educate them beyond the covers of the Roman Catholic catechism, practically nothing has been done apart from a few scattered and isolated evangelical mission stations.

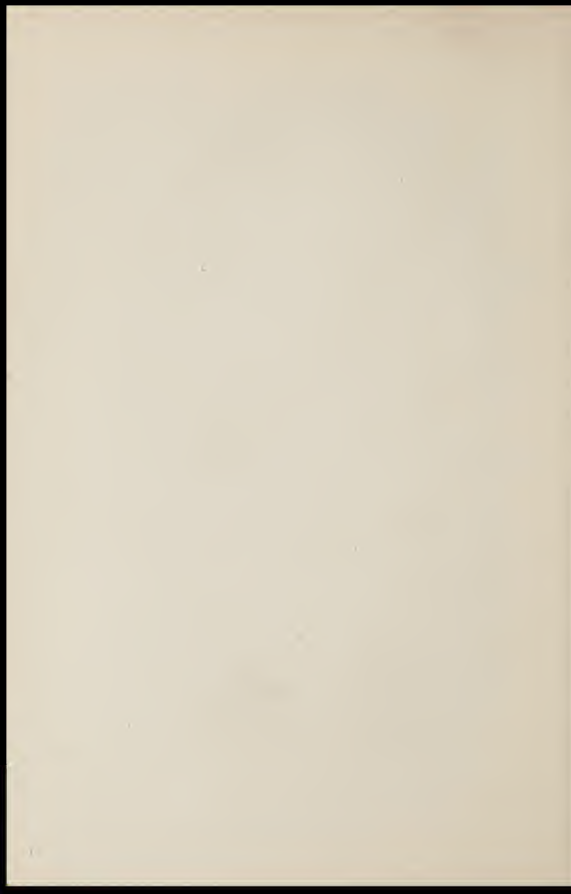
The greater part of the wretchedness of the

Indians is the result of the attitude of mind of the ruling class toward them. They are not supposed to have any self-respect. Overseers frequently strike them, and children of families where servants are kept are accustomed to domineer over them in a rude and heartless manner. The Indian has been used as a beast of burden, and brutalised by whippings and strong drink. While not savages like their brethren in the Amazon forests, they are yet far from being civilised. They have simply been domesticated.

This condition of the Indians is not a matter of unconcern to many of the best people of Latin America. Numerous projects of laws introduced in the legislative bodies of the different countries show that the Indian has friends and defenders in high places, but mere legislative measures can never cure ills that are of three centuries duration. A few years ago there was held in Antigua, Guatemala, a congress of delegates from five republics for the purpose of framing a constitution for one united Republic of Central America. Nearby, in the Indian village of San Antonio, was a Protestant missionary who availed himself of this unusual opportunity to bear witness to the power of the Gospel. The delegates were invited to listen to a program prepared in their honor. First a large group of Indian believers sang two hymns, followed by a specially trained Indian quartet. Then there were exercises by the Indian children, and at

the close a brief address. The response from the delegates was instantaneous. A Guatemalan arose to say that he had never seen anything like it; he marveled to see what the gospel had done for a race which their conquerors had always considered as beasts. Another of the delegates in expressing his appreciation, promised to try to interest his government in the drainage of the swamps which make the Indian towns so unhealthy. Whatever is done by American Christians for these neglected people is sure to awaken a hearty response in all the forward looking minds of Latin America, and will be to them the best possible commendation of our Gospel.

The author of this book has had an unusually successful career in promoting the sale and distribution of the Bible in Latin America. His ministry brings him into close and constant contact with all classes. Out of a full heart he writes a record of his experiences and observations while pursuing his chosen task, which is in reality a sincere plea for the down-trodden aborigines in the lands south of us. As one who personally knows the situation which Mr. Jordan describes, I am glad to testify to the faithfulness of his portraits. The case is not overstated. May God use this book to awaken in Christians everywhere a genuine concern for the evangelization of the long-suffering people of Indo-America.



## Preface

**I**T is a sense of personal responsibility that brings me again before the reading public.

With the mute appeal of the sufferings of the helpless descendants of the once powerful races of whom I write constantly before my eyes, and with their voiced cry for help ringing in my ears, the obligation to add my quota to the effort being put forth in their behalf becomes absolutely unavoidable. "Crusading in the West Indies" was written to help make better understood the nature of the work of the Society that is the Agent of the American Churches in supplying the Nations with the printed Gospel. The purpose of this volume is to help the reader to feel, as I have felt after seeing some of the things I have seen, in my extensive travels during the last nine years in what I here term Indian America.

I wish to express my gratitude to the American Bible Society for the much-to-be-coveted opportunity it has given me for service in such intensely interesting fields as Mexico, Central, and South America. The ready accessibility of the West Coast of the latter *via* the Panama Canal has but increased and intensified our responsibility for the

neglected condition of the Indian through the whole Andean Region.

I also desire to thank my colleague, Rev. R. R. Gregory, Secretary of the Caribbean Agency of the American Bible Society, for his sympathetic help; as well as Miss Mabel Barnhouse, and Miss Fannie Kingsbury, of the Canal Zone; Dr. F. W. Goding, American Consul General of Guayaquil, Ecuador; Mr. R. D. Smith, of Los Angeles; Dr. Webster Browning, of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America; Bishop William F. Oldham, and others who have read my manuscript, made corrections and suggestions and encouraged me to proceed with its publication. May it prove a contribution to the cause of the Master, in helping to create a sympathetic understanding of the condition and need of those concerning whom I have written!

W. F. J.

*Bible House,  
Cristobal, Canal Zone.*



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## I

### INDIAN AMERICA

**G**EOGRAPHICALLY, the Americas are spoken of as North and South; politically, as Anglo-Saxon and Latin. There is another America that is less frequently mentioned, largely unknown to the rest of the world, almost totally undeveloped, untouched, and unaided by modern Christian and philanthropic effort, a section of which, in Central and South America, constitutes, according to the authors of the "World Survey," "The greatest stretch of unevangelized territory in the world." Here the population is overwhelmingly Indian, and can, we think, be fittingly termed "Indian America."

By Indian America I mean particularly that section of the New World inhabited by the descendants of those races whose forefathers had established civilisations that were old before the landing of Columbus. These people are to be found in greatest numbers today in Mexico and Gautemala of the Northern Hemisphere, and in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, of the Southern. In all of these countries there are large racial groups that retain their ancient customs, costumes and

languages in spite of 400 years of contact with European civilisation. In all of them the Indian blood predominates among the governed; while the ruling class and the clergy are largely white. In three of them, Gautemala, Peru, and Bolivia, the system of selling the Indians with the land still prevails. In all of them the disinherited Indian today exists by sufferance only, in his stone, mud, or palm leaf hut, on land that belonged to his forefathers. In none of these countries did freedom from Spain mean liberty for the Indian. It meant simply license for the white, lineal or political descendant of the Spanish conquerors, to continue to exploit the aborigines without being answerable to the Spanish Crown. The condition of the Indian in the so-called free republics became even more pitiable than when he was under the tutelage of the Monarchs of Spain.

Of these five countries, Mexico has made the greatest strides towards the emancipation of the Indian. Practically, as well as technically, he is coming into his own in this latter country. The abominable peonage system of slavery which flourished under the Diaz régime was abolished during the last revolution. We no longer speak of Whites and Indians in Mexico, but of Mexicans. Here the Indian blood is beginning to come to the fore, even among the ruling class. Mexico is not a Latin nation and in our thinking we should not consider it as such. The country designated on

our maps as Mexico consists of a heterogeneous group of nations speaking many languages, differing greatly in customs, but held together, whether ruled or exploited, by a system of government that is Latin.

I find, generally, no adequate conception of the characteristic virility and constancy that has kept the masses of Mexico plodding on, earning a living while its political leaders were trying to settle their differences on the field of battle or in guerilla warfare that left the whole country in an unsettled condition. The burning question in Mexico today is the land question, land not to hunt over, but to cultivate. When this matter of homes and fields for the disinherited has been satisfactorily settled, this one characteristic of industry will cause Mexico to be heard from in the future councils of the nations. She produces too much of the material the world needs and that commerce demands to allow herself to be long disregarded. Then shall an American nation, American in blood and prehistoric origin, instead of by immigration and adoption, add its quota to the sum total of human progress, and the value of her contribution will not be ignored.

Let us give to those in power in these countries credit for the best of intentions. The present rulers are undoubtedly the choice of the military chiefs who have secured control; but even they would not venture to say that they are the choice

of the people. The fact is, the people have never had any choice. The impressed soldiers fought because they were compelled to do so. The readiness with which they have changed sides in a civil war is notorious. The ignorant Indian, unable to read, does not know what his political needs are.

There was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the Diaz régime in Mexico, with its system of peonage and the giving out of all of the land of the country to a few already wealthy men, thus absolutely disinheriting the native races. The people also hated the clergy because the church had supported the peonage and land system. When Diaz was gone and the foreign priests had been expelled, they wanted peace, but longed for it in vain, because the country was kept in turmoil by warring factions among the leaders. The governments of the countries mentioned are republican in name only. With the present percentage of illiteracy a democracy is impossible. The most that any of their most advanced statesmen can do is to lead them a step nearer to the point where they can have a national consciousness and set out on the road to a representative government. Let us not forget the fact that the real Mexican or native of the other countries mentioned is Indian. The great majority are illiterate, never having had an opportunity to learn. Whatever civilisation they had, and much of it was valuable, was destroyed by the conquest.

Conquered and reduced to submission by the treachery and superior weapons and armament of the European, the Indian has been kept in subjection and ignorance through the centuries. Looking vainly for relief from his life of drudgery and hoping for liberty in the land of his fathers, he has taken part voluntarily, or when forced to do so, in revolutions and political uprisings against the powers that were crushing him. Led to believe that he was fighting for his liberties, he has always discovered in the end that he had helped to put down one set of oppressors only to find his head still bowing under the yoke of another. The unprecedented prosperity of the landowning class that developed in Mexico under Porfirio Diaz was based upon the labour of the subjugated, oppressed and brow-beaten Indian, and the systematic robbery of his land and labour, in the exploitation of the apparently unlimited and inexhaustible resources of that great country.

It will be remembered that the Indians spoken of here are the descendants of advanced and cultured races, peoples among whom agriculture had reached a high state of development. They understood something of the sciences of metallurgy, architecture, and engineering, as is evidenced by articles of bronze, stone edifices, and irrigation works. They wove beautiful fabrics, made robes of feathers, manufactured beautiful inlaid pottery, and had made advances in astro-

nomical science and in literature. They had developed a system of common land tenure, and were governed under their native rulers far better than has been their lot since the conquest.

The Indian of these countries today, in spite of his degradation and periodical addiction to intoxicating liquors, is industrious, peace-loving, and, to a surprising degree, artistic. Mexicans are fond of flowers, weaving them into beautiful bouquets and garlands. They are expert in making filagree work from silver coins, and combine the feathers of brightly hued birds into artistic pictures and emblems. The Gautemalan weaves figured belts, curtains, sashes, and dresses that are a dream of artistically arranged figures in all the colours of the rainbow. The Quichuas and Aymaras in the Andean region of South America weave their own clothing from the wool of sheep and llama, make their own felt hats, understand the making of vegetable dyes for the wool and yarns which they weave with appropriate blending and delightful effect into their highly-coloured "lijllas" and ponchos.

"There goes the two-footed gold of Gaute-mala," a former president of that country is said to have remarked to a visitor, referring to an Indian that had just brought him a message. The implication was, that the prosperity and luxury of the ruling class was based on unremunerated Indian labour and that the Indian is classed as a





GIRL SPINNING ON PRIMITIVE SPINDLE (*Left*) WEAVING A BEAUTIFULLY BLENDED  
FABRIC ON CRUDE LOOM OUT OF DOORS (*Right*)



domestic animal and valuable beast of burden. Never to fade from memory while life shall last are some of the sights of human degradation witnessed in continental travel south of the Rio Grande; old women in Mexico City bowed low under immense loads of scraggly fire wood held in place by coarse ropes; men working in town and country staggering under heavy loads that it took four others to lift and place on their backs; women in Quito, the capital of Ecuador, tottering along the stone-paved streets weighted down by the enormous trunks of travelers; Indians from the country in Bolivia carrying heavy logs on their shoulders through the street while a policeman held a stack of their home-made felt hats he had unceremoniously snatched from them and retained until the forced task was completed. In Bolivia, as well as in Guatemala, the Indian is looked upon as the legitimate property of landlord, government and police official. In some of these countries, the best talent is of Indian origin. Benito Juarez, the Washington of Mexico, was a full blood Indian, as are some of the present leaders in that country. There is abundant proof that the real "gold" of Guatemala is to be found in the undeveloped mental and spiritual capacities of the native Indian, rather than in the debasing exploitation of his muscular forces as implied by his Excellency.

The trip from the railway terminal at San Felipe to Quezaltenango, the most important town

in the highlands of Gautemala and the second city of the country, has been rendered most beautiful by nature's prodigal hand. The early morning air is filled with the perfume of the coffee blossoms while bright-feathered birds utter harsh and strident cries from their hiding places in the luxuriant foliage which, in the lower reaches of the valley, is abundantly watered by the never-failing river. In order to take advantage of the cool morning air, we started on our journey long before daylight. From the very first, and through the day until we arrived at our destination, we met groups of Indians bringing the products of the interior down the mountain side on their backs, in packs weighing from 125 to 150 pounds each. These packs were held in place on the loins by ropes attached to a wide strap over the forehead like the breeching of the harness of a horse—the human pack animal carrying the burdens of Gautemala. All the way along, at the bottom of the deep gorge below the road, was to be seen a rushing, bounding river with power enough going to waste to carry, if harnessed, all the traffic of Gautemala, and supply power for other industrial purposes as well. The scene presented a vivid illustration of the way in which the system of human slavery blinds the eyes of those who exploit their fellowmen to the forces of nature that surround them, so that they are untouched by any ambition to dominate, subdue, and develop these possible sources of power.

I was curious to know what these Indians, we met, were bringing down from the highlands for export to the outside world. Examining one of the packs, I found it to be composed of a large number of bundles of the little rootlets from which our scrubbing brushes are made. I remember, as a boy, examining such a brush and coming to the conclusion that it must be made from the roots of some plant, but I did not before know from where they came. The lady members of our household are serving us when they use these brushes in their house cleaning. These poor down-trodden Indians of Gautemala are just as truly serving us when they dig from the pampa, wash and clean these rootlets, tie them into bundles and carry them on their backs, bowing under the heavy burden until they reach the port from whence the merchandise is to be shipped to our more favoured land.

Toward evening, we passed the Indian village of Zunil huddled in a widening of the valley. We had looked forward to seeing the homes of these artistic people who, in spite of their enslaved condition, have kept alive the love of the beautiful that finds expression in their wonderful fabrics. What a disappointment awaited us! It was the occasion of one of the many church festivals. Outside of the rumshop at the left of the road running by the village were Indians in all stages of intoxication. One woman wearing a beautiful home-woven belt lay unconscious beside some hogs

wallowing in the dirt. A little child was trying to rouse her. A man came out of the rumshop and tried to assist the child in getting the mother's attention. Soon all three, overcome by the poison they had been drinking, lay dead drunk on the side of the road.

Cries attracted my attention to the door of the drinking place. Two intoxicated Indian women were leading away a third crazed by the effects of the drink. Her disheveled hair fell over her face, obscuring it. In her frenzied efforts she nearly freed herself from those holding her: but finally the three staggered along the path over the bridge into the desolate village, followed by the toddling child of one of the women. The Government of Gautemala prohibits the exportation of sugar, in order that the cane may be used in the manufacture of the rum that brings in a substantial revenue by the exploitation of the Indians' weakness for a periodical drunk. Gautemala is not alone in its exploitation of this weakness of a depressed and down-trodden people. A South American writer says of this vice: "The Church supplies the festivals and the Government the rum which combine to work the ruin of the Indian."

Traveling by rail from Mexico City to Laredo, Texas, early in 1917, I took with me several hundred Gospels for distribution on the way. While our train was waiting at Queretero, I noticed some soldiers standing on the platform. Beckoning to

one to approach the car in which I was sitting, I asked if he could read. Upon his reply in the affirmative, I gave him a Gospel. Taking it back to where he had been standing, he began turning over the leaves. Another soldier looking over his shoulder at the booklet inquired where it came from, and was directed to the car window at which I sat. When he came and asked if I had a book for him also, I told him that I would like to give a Gospel to every soldier that could read. Soon the car window was besieged with soldiers asking for Gospels.

By this time the curiosity of the crowd was aroused. Seeing the soldiers receiving books, others wanted them. Many children, as well as grown people, crowded around the car window holding up their hands for books. I had purposely arranged the Scripture portions in sets of five, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Proverbs. Holding up a book, I would ask them the name on the cover in order to prove to me that they could read. One little boy read promptly the name "San Mateo" and received the book. The next in order was Mark. As I held out the book to another boy who was reaching out his hand for one, he said "San Mateo," but did not receive the book since it was "San Marcos." From my position above them I was able to tell whether or not they could read. If I saw the lips moving in an attempt to spell out the title, I would give the

applicant a book because he had thereby demonstrated that he knew his letters and would be able to read it. The crowd about the car window was such that it annoyed the train officials and they tried in vain to drive them away. Just as the train was pulling out of the depot, a little boy who had just come up ran along beside the car, crying out as if his heart would break, "*A mi no me han dado, a mi no me han dado*"—"They haven't given me! They haven't given me!"

Although these expressions came from a child who did not realise what it was he had not received, his beseeching words haunted me for months. They seemed so typical of the condition of these Indian races of America. How many of the good things of life are we enjoying that we have not given to them? We have not given them our knowledge of agriculture and machinery to enable them to secure the comforts of life. We have not given them doctors or nurses or hospitals to help them out in their battle with disease. We have not given them even a primary education. Nor have we given them the simple Gospel which, being the "power of God unto salvation," is able to raise them above the level of the beasts and make them co-workers with God in establishing His kingdom upon earth. Surely this accusing cry with its appeal must reach the ear of our Heavenly Father. Would that it might reach our ears and cause us to respond so heartily that



Indian America shall no longer be able to say, "They haven't given me."

Passing through the highlands of Ecuador recently and noting the wretched huts of the Indians scattered about the estates of the wealthy land-owners, I had impressed upon my mind as never before the fact that the true riches of America have not yet been discovered and developed. Columbus saw land, glory, and a way to the Indies; Pizarro, Cortéz and their followers saw gold and power; the Spanish monarchs, gold, power, and satisfied ambition. None of these saw, nor have the ruling classes yet seen, that the real wealth of America was and is still to be found in its people. Neglected for 400 years, they are now looking to us for help in an effort to rise out of their degraded condition and make themselves men. "*We want civilisation, Give us Christian Schools,*" they cry to the writer, and beseech him to carry their appeal to the people he represents. May this call for help find quick response in the great heart of the Christian Church.

Wallace Thompson well says in urging the co-operation of Business and Missions in extending help to these prostrate Masses in "Trading with Mexico," "There is hope for Mexico, and that hope is tied up with the opportunity for foreign help . . . this single ray of clean, clear light can be recognised by all as one of the great hopes in the horizon today." . . .

“The desertion of the masses by the revolutionary Government and the exile of the natural aristocracy have brought the human problem of the country home with tremendous force to the foreigners. It lies today almost solely in their hands, and seems likely to wait long for rescue or aid from any other source whatever.”

There was an appeal to the heroic, to the spirit of adventure, and to the desire for power and glory in the idea of the discovery and conquest of new lands and races and their subjugation to the crown of Spain. If we could but grasp the vision and hear the call, there is an even stronger appeal today to these same emotions, sanctified, spiritualised, in the idea of bringing these same Indian nations into the kingdom of our Lord and Master, prompted by His love, authorised by His Word, and inspired by the promise of His presence and power. The early discoverers and conquerors were willing to risk all on the merest chance of success. The greatest cause of the ages, that of winning the world for Christ, is not to be espoused without self-denial, risk, and adventure, but the reward is sure and the riches to be obtained imperishable.

## II

### YUCATAN AND CAMPECHE

**M**Y first glimpse of Indian America was in September, 1914. Being in Havana on my way to take the boat for New York after a trip through the West Indies, I received a cable indicating that the Society wished me to go at once to Mexico, study the situation there, and make suggestions regarding the best way of continuing the work of Bible distribution under prevailing conditions. Taking with me funds in the shape of gold and drafts on New York, I made arrangements for sailing the same day for Yucatan, the nearest Mexican state. All Mexico had been torn with internal strife. The Madero-Carranza-Villa revolution had, however, apparently succeeded. There was a lull in aggressive military activities, but the country was in a badly disorganised condition.

The missionary work of the American Bible Society had been continued throughout the revolution. The country was pretty well covered by native colporteurs, many of them barefooted or sandaled Indians living on a comparative pittance, but happy to be able to employ their time in carry-

ing the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen. During the Diaz régime the postal system had been good, and the Bible Society was accustomed to send these men their monthly allowances in the form of postal money orders. At the time of which I write internal disorganisation greatly interfered with the efficiency of the postal service. There had been delays in the delivery of letters. Then there was delay in the payment of money orders because of lack of funds in the local post offices. Finally the government repudiated all obligation regarding them. This left many of these humble workers in a pitiful condition. Some of them had their salary for several months in worthless paper when what they needed was food and clothing for their wives and children. Part of my mission was to get in touch with and pay off these men wherever possible.

Owing to the shallow water that surrounds the low-lying peninsula of Yucatan, our ship anchored several miles from shore off Progreso, the principal port. Passengers and mail were taken ashore on a tug belonging to the Steamship Company. The coast here is low and sandy with the usual tropical trimming of palm-thatched huts under graceful cocoanut trees, whose waving tops indicate the constant breeze, which, in all this region, modifies the terrific heat.

Immediately after landing upon the wharf, where customs and other officials examined our

hand-baggage, passports, and vaccination certificates, I made my way to the office of the Steamship Company in order to secure some Mexican money in exchange for American currency. Mr. deCoursey kindly offered to purchase the American paper currency that I had at the current rate. In making the correct change he drew from his pocket a number of coins, among which was a Mexican silver dollar with a suspicious-looking dent in the center. My curiosity being aroused, I asked the cause of the dent. I was told that a few nights before our arrival the revolutionary forces had come to take charge of Yucatan. A few shots had been fired. One of the bullets had found its lodging place against this coin in Mr. deCoursey's shirt pocket as he was sitting at home. The spot on his breast was still black from the impact of the blow. Since his life had been saved by the presence of the coin, he intended carrying it for the remainder of his life. Except for these few preliminary shots there had been no fighting. Yucatan had suffered less from the effects of the revolution than many other parts of Mexico.

We took the evening train to Mérida, the capital of the State. Everywhere there was evidence of the chief industry of the country, namely, the producing and exporting of the henequen or sisal fiber utilised in the manufacture of binder twine for the farmers in America. The peninsula of Yucatan consists almost entirely of a low-lying elevation of

lime-stone. There is very little soil, so little that in planting corn, holes in the rock must be sought out in which to drop the seed. The agave cactus, from the leaves of which the strong fiber is extracted, thrives, however, when planted in small excavations in this rock. The railroad from the port to Mérida runs between the great fields of the agave plantations. One wonders how it is possible for this apparently barren land to produce anything; yet this bare rock is the source of the wealth of Yucatan.

Mérida is a city of windmills. There may be other cities with as many in proportion to their size, but I have never seen one. Apparently every property owner having a piece of land of any size possesses a windmill. These are all of American manufacture and are used for pumping up the fresh underground water which lies but a short distance below the surface. Yucatan is without surface rivers. The water percolating through the porous rock forms underground streams that, all over the peninsula, are a source of water supply for drinking and for irrigation. These rivers are but a short distance below the surface, and in various places there are openings down to them. At some of the openings, steps are hewn in the rock down to the surface of the water. These open sink holes are called *cenotes*, and the water is inhabited by a species of fish with but rudimentary eyes.

Scrupulous cleanliness seemed to be the watchword of the Yucatecan or Maya Indian. The Maya was one of the civilizations destroyed by the Spaniards, and the Maya Indian one of the races enslaved by the conquerors. In spite of their condition of serfdom, in spite of their enforced poverty, and four hundred years of oppression, they have retained their language, many of their customs, costumes, and habits of cleanliness. The Indian labourer of Yucatan bathes twice a day, washes his clothes every day, and on Sundays and gala days always dresses in spotless white. Barefooted or shod in sandals, their feet are as clean as their hands. The Yucatecos were not slow in showing their displeasure and disgust at the uncleanly habits of the soldiers of the Constitutionalist army, who were mostly Indians from the north, many of them Yaquis. "*Son gente muy distinta*," ("They are a very different class of people.") was a phrase frequently repeated by the Yucatecos for my benefit. They did not wish me to make the mistake of considering these other Mexicans as natives of their beloved State. They consider themselves the Yankees of Mexico. Some loyal sons of the state will go so far as to deny that they are Mexicans. "We are Yucatecos," they say.

There are, comparatively speaking, very few white people in Yucatan. At the time of the conquest the land was parcelled out among the con-

querors, and the Indians living upon the soil were apportioned with it. Since that time until the last revolution, the Indians had been considered the property of the land-owner. They were bought and sold with the land, were not allowed to leave the plantation on which they lived while they were in debt to the owner, and he took good care to see that they remained indebted to him.

In the lobby and the dining room of the hotel at Mérida were many of the land-owning class. One peculiarity which I noticed immediately was that there was no loud talking. The groups at the small tables spoke in voices that were hardly above a whisper. A person at the next table could not hear what was being said. This gave the impression, which I learned afterwards was correct, that every speaker was afraid of being heard outside of his own little group. These people, being of the wealthy class, were opposed to the revolution, but did not care to voice their opposition loud enough to be heard by anyone sympathising with the victorious party.

I found that the main topic of conversation was a decree that had just been promulgated to the effect that the Indians throughout the land were to be allowed their freedom; that henceforth, in Mexico, no man's body could be held because of debt. For the first time in four hundred years the aboriginal inhabitants of Yucatan, descendants of the highly civilised Maya race whose land is full



of prehistoric ruins, could say their souls were their own. Among the more intelligent of the Indians there was great rejoicing because of this decree. Owing, however, to a false interpretation, propagated by the land-owners, the decree was misunderstood by many. The Indians were told that they could now no longer remain in their quarters on the plantations, but must seek lodging, food, and employment elsewhere. In many instances they were preparing to start in companies and by families for the forest where they would surely have perished. The newly constituted authorities were obliged, therefore, to send out men to the plantations all over the country, who could speak the Maya language, to explain to the Indians the real meaning of the proclamation. Not only were they not obliged to leave the plantations of their former owners, but they could not be forced to leave. They were free to go and come as they pleased, but need not continue to work without wages.

By this prompt action a disaster was prevented. The Indians remained in their homes, and there occurred in Yucatan that which has happened in other countries upon the liberation of slaves. The land-owners who had been kind to their peons were besieged by applicants for work, while those who had been cruel were deserted. One gentleman who felt free to talk to me because he was not afraid to express his opinions to an American,

also because he wanted to excite sympathy for his party among Americans, was very severe in his denunciation of this proclamation of liberty for the peons. He said that all his Indians had left him and that he could not get a man to work on the plantation. Unwittingly he thus revealed his type of character. I knew there were other men who had more applicants for labour than they could possibly employ.

Immediately after my arrival in Mérida, I sent a messenger in search of the colporteur, Sr. Herrera. He came to the hotel with a story of suffering and embarrassment because of his inability to get money orders cashed. He was surprised and delighted to know that I was willing to take up the orders and give him money for them.

Having arranged matters satisfactorily with Sr. Herrera, I decided to leave the next morning, by rail, for Campeche, the capital of the neighbouring State of the same name, and the home of another colporteur. It was an all day journey by slow train through a hot and uninviting country. I could not, however, get over my first pleasant surprise at the neatness and good taste of the Indian population. There were groups of women at every railway station with lunches composed of bread, fruit, tortillas, roast venison, etc., which they offered for sale to the passengers. So clean were these women in appearance that the idea of

eating food prepared by their hands was not in the least repulsive.

The women of Yucatan wear an outer sack-like garment of one piece with three holes in the top, one for the head and another for each arm. This is usually prettily embroidered and does not come down so far but that the broad lace border of the under garment shows below. The dress of the men consists of a pair of light blue trousers, a knit cotton shirt drawn down over the trousers, and a short white apron extending from the waist to the knees. On Sundays and holidays this apron is discarded and a better pair of trousers worn with a long white coat. Both men and women are either barefooted or sandaled. All seemed to have some occupation and my first impressions of the Yucatecos were altogether favourable. They were the cleanest aborigines I had ever seen and put to shame many people of European origin in their attention to personal cleanliness.

Although arriving at Campeche after dark, I had no difficulty in inquiring my way to the home of Sr. L. Blanco, the pastor of the local congregation and brother of our colporteur. Both of these men are full blood Indians, as were also the other pastors whom I met, with the exception of Sr. E. Llera, of Progreso, who was a Cuban.

Pastor Blanco welcomed me to his home, where I slept that night in a hammock strung across the room, as do most Yucatecos. The following

morning I visited the home of our colporteur and found his wife engaged in weaving a beautiful spacious hammock from the fiber of the agave. Having made them happy by changing their worthless money orders for gold, I returned the same day to Mérida.

The day before, after I had boarded the train at Mérida, a man, whom I supposed at the time to be a representative of some local newspaper, approached, asking my name, nationality, and destination, all of which he wrote in a note-book. Seeing that the same man continued with us on the train, I watched for an opportunity to question him in turn. I found him to be the health inspector whose business it was to examine all strangers traveling in the country, and to take their temperature.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, just a precaution against yellow fever."

"And have you yellow fever now in Yucatan?"

"Yes, there are several cases. I took a Chinaman to the hospital this morning, whom we suspected to be coming down with it. If I find a foreigner with half a degree of fever, it is my business to take him in charge."

"And why foreigners in particular?"

"Because they alone are subject to yellow fever. Our own people are immune."

Waiting with the crowd at Campeche for the gates to open to allow us on board the train, I

noticed another Health Inspector with a soiled towel over one shoulder, and a thermometer in his hand, approaching some Syrians and taking their temperature. After putting the thermometer in the mouth of one, he would wipe it on the towel and approach another. Realising that he would soon be coming my way, I began to figure how to avoid taking the thermometer into my mouth.

Soon the Inspector's eye fell upon me and, pointing the thermometer at my mouth, he started in my direction. Meanwhile I had begun to unbutton my shirt in front. Addressing him cheerfully I said, "So you are the gentleman who is looking after the health of us foreigners? We ought to be grateful to you for this trouble." I then took the thermometer and thrust it under my left arm. He looked somewhat surprised and, after a little hesitation, said:

"That is alright. You can take the temperature under the arm."

When, after due time, he took the thermometer and looked at it, he made the remark:

"You are alright. Your temperature is sub-normal."

I knew it would be. Possibly the fact that I put the thermometer rather far under my arm had something to do with it. I wrote Mrs. Jordan at the time, however, that the very thought of the possibility of being placed in an isolation ward in

a Mexican hospital in Campeche caused a fall in my temperature.

We had not gone very far on our return trip to Mérida when our train was held at a station much longer than the usual time. Passengers began to be impatient. Inquiry elicited the fact from the conductor that the train was held by order of the governor. Such a thing was unusual. There had been very little disturbance in Yucatan; and there were loud protests against the governor for delaying a train full of passengers who had business at the other end of their journey. Finally, however, one man remarked:

"Perhaps there is trouble ahead. In that case I thank the governor for holding the train." The effect of this remark was like magic. I did not hear another complaint.

After an hour or so of delay the train proceeded without any further incident, until just before coming into the suburbs of Mérida a few short explosions were heard; whether gun fire or not, I never learned. Our car was instantly in commotion. Men stood up in their seats and removed revolvers from their hip pockets. Nothing further, however, occurred; but we entered the city long after the usual hour for the arrival of the train. The last incident shows the condition of uncertainty and fear for their lives in which the members of the former ruling class of Mexico were then living.

At the time of my first visit there was no foreign missionary in Yucatan, Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Molloy being at the time in the States. I was asked to speak at the Presbyterian church in Mérida, and was much pleased to learn that it was an indigenous self-supporting church, the pastor being Mr. Asunción Blanco, brother of the pastor in Campeche, and a Maya Indian. It was a pleasure to lead their Bible class in the morning and speak to a large congregation at night, composed, in its entirety, of Indians. The organist was barefoot, with the exception of the sandals he wore to keep the soles of his feet from the ground. The singing of the Spanish hymns was hearty and full of expression.

In the cities of Yucatan Spanish is spoken, as well as the native Maya. In the country villages and on the plantations, however, Maya was all that was heard. Many white people speak the Maya both in their homes and in daily intercourse with their neighbours.

There are not as many women to be seen on the streets of Mérida as on the streets of a town of its size in Cuba or Porto Rico, and those who are in the street do not appear to be there in order to show off their fine clothing. The first visit to Mexico produced an ever-increasing impression of the seriousness and stability of the Mexican character.

### III

#### THROUGH THE LAND OF THE AZTECS

A DAY and a half were required to go through the formalities connected with securing a military passport for Vera Cruz. The day we sailed from Progreso, another vessel laden with federal soldiers sailed for Puerto Mexico, from which point they were to be sent to their homes. Their places had been taken by the new Constitutionalist army which was everywhere in evidence throughout Yucatan and Campeche.

Although the revolutionary army was composed largely of ragged, unwashed Indians from Northern Mexico, their spirit and attitude could but produce a good impression. The spirit was one of progress, reaching out and fighting for liberty and better things. Mere boys, many of them, it was touching to see the hero worship in their eyes as they regarded some of their superior officers. One was impressed by the atmosphere of hopefulness, enthusiasm, and confidence as well as by the evident comradeship between the officers and men.

Did these soldiers not have reason to be happy? They had been successful in their fight, first against the dictator Diaz on whose side were all



the wealthy land-owners and the clergy; then, against the cruel Huerta? Had not the day of equal opportunity come? Had they not within the past few days seen thousands of their Maya compatriots set at liberty? Had not the day of freedom and equality for all arrived? Of course they could not hear the mutterings of the storm that was to come, in which those who had fought side by side for liberty from the oppressors were to be divided into Villistas, Zapatistas, and Carranzistas and carry on for years a fratricidal strife. In spite of this internal disorganisation, however, the people of Mexico were no longer slaves of the grasping land-owner, and are today more free than ever before to work out their own destinies.

Schools have been established where the people had never been allowed to learn to read before. An ideal of the army leaders was that every soldier should know how to read. Many a time have I passed the barracks where classes were being held and seen groups of raw, unlettered Indians painfully spelling out words under the direction of a comrade who could not read fluently himself.

We very frequently came in contact with army officials who seemed to have the highest good of their soldiers at heart. In August, 1915, the military authorities in Mexico City gave colporteur Luis Rodriguez a letter of introduction permitting him to visit the various barracks where soldiers were quartered, for the distribution of the Bible.

The first encampment that he visited was at the "Hacienda del Cristo," near Mexico City. The Colonel in charge said to him:

"This is a remarkable coincidence. I was telling my officers just last night that we needed a religion. It is impossible to make our troops moral without it. We may talk morality to them all we wish, but if we have no religion, there is nothing to hold them. I am at your service, sir. I will call the men together so that you can give them books, and I wish you would talk to them."

The officer, Colonel Leal, then ordered the bugle sounded to assemble the men and, after a short speech, introduced Mr. Rodriguez. The men listened with intense interest while he explained that as representative of the American Bible Society he wanted to give each of them a Gospel as an indication of good will on the part of Evangelical Christians. He then requested the Colonel to have those of the regiment who could read, step forward and receive a book. With pardonable pride and satisfaction, Colonel Leal informed him that they had a school in the regiment and every man among them could read.

The Rev. F. F. Wolfe, of Puebla, gave some Gospels to a sergeant. In two hours' time the man returned with a list of names of twenty soldiers who had asked him for more Gospels. Shortly after, Mr. Wolfe received word from the Colonel in charge requesting more books, saying

that he had found this reading matter a great aid to discipline among his soldiers.

On my second visit to Yucatan, in 1916, in an interview with General Alvarado, he said:

"It may seem strange to you after our past history that we should be giving such liberty to Protestant workers. The fact is, we now have religious liberty and welcome good people of all nations and cults. Jews and Mohammedans are as free to conduct worship in their own manner as Catholics and Protestants so long as they do not interfere in politics.

"The expulsion of foreign priests was for political and not religious reasons. The recent trouble in Yucatan was fomented, encouraged, and supported by the priests who, together with the unscrupulous wealthy landlords, are alone responsible for the present ignorance and poverty of the people. Morally the priests are rotten, given to bull fighting, drunkenness, gambling, and women, turning their residences and churches into harems. They spend their time in the churches with women who, under the pretext of going to mass and confession, are made the tools by which they carry out their nefarious political schemes.

"We have abolished the terrible system of slavery that prevailed on the plantations in Yucatan and have made the people free. I have prohibited bull fighting and cock fighting, suppressed gambling, stopped the sale of liquor, and have estab-

lished schools all over the country. We are on the threshold of a new era of moral progress and material prosperity. You are welcome to go about the country and see and hear for yourself what is being done."

I did go about the country with eyes and ears open as the General had suggested. I visited three of the largest towns in Yucatan on Saturday nights during the carnival season, and did not see a single intoxicated person. I found no resentment among the people for this absolute prohibition of liquor. The new law required that schools be established upon every plantation employing a certain number of families. I visited some of these plantations and found that the new law had gone into effect and that every child of school age was being provided for.

While the Mexican leaders could not carry out their ideals because of disagreement among themselves, the ideas of liberty and progress, advanced by the revolutions, remained; and ideas, after all, are the only things that move the world. Because of the dissemination of these ideas in the minds of the Indians, from whom such ideas had been most assiduously kept by the governing classes and the clergy, Mexico is, today, one of the most needy and promising fields for all kinds of evangelistic, educational, and social uplift work.

The morning we were to arrive at Vera Cruz I had risen before daylight and gone on deck, hoping

to get a glimpse of the snow-capped peak of Orizaba. At first it seemed as though I was doomed to disappointment. The horizon looked hazy and no mountains were to be seen. Suddenly, however, just before sunrise there burst into view a white triangular spot which shone clearly through the haze and looked like a cloud reflecting the glory of the rising sun. This was the looked-for peak. It was some minutes before the outline of the surrounding mountains became visible. Orizaba alone could be seen, majestically reflecting from its snowy crown the rays of the morning sun.

On our arrival at the harbour of Vera Cruz, which was then in the hands of the Americans, our ship was boarded by the port doctor, who took the temperature of all the passengers. When we asked him what Yucatan was being quarantined against, he said, "smallpox," but did not seem to know of the yellow fever.

There were many Mexicans of the former ruling class in Vera Cruz glad to avail themselves of the protection of Uncle Sam. There was not the same secrecy manifested among the conversing groups that there had been in Yucatan. Sure of protection and emboldened by the fact that they hoped soon to leave the country, there was no hesitancy in their denunciation of the constitutional rabble, as they termed the successful revolutionists. One realised, from hearing them talk, that at last the day of the aborigines in Mexico

was coming. This revolution had not brought and would not bring Utopia, but the old peonage system by which the inhabitants were sold with the land, or passed from one land-owner to another by a transfer of account, was gone forever. No longer would human beings be bought and sold like cattle. In spite of appearances to the contrary, Mexico had taken a long step toward liberty and popular government.

The railway train from Vera Cruz to Mexico City was crowded. While most first class passengers were able to obtain a seat, the second class cars were filled to the limit. Not only were the aisles filled with persons standing or sitting on their baggage, but the platforms and steps of every coach were jammed full. There was no organisation or system. The jam at the larger railway stations was terrific. The people would come and remain at the station day after day waiting for an opportunity to crowd through the gate and get on to the train. Pickpockets abounded in every crowd. Not only were pocket-books stolen, but all kinds of hand baggage would disappear if one was not careful to keep it constantly in view.

As our train traversed the country and climbed the mountain range up to the central tableland on which Mexico City is located, I realised how absolutely disinherited these descendants of the Aztecs were. It was pathetic in the extreme and made one's blood boil to see families of human outcasts

crawling out of the holes that served as entrances to rude mud or stone huts to gaze upon the passing train.

When we reached the city of Orizaba, delightfully situated on the slopes of the mountain of the same name, we were advised that the train would go no farther that day. One of the old Diaz officers, Hijinio Aguilar, had taken to the mountains with a few followers, sent a wild-cat engine down the mountain, wrecked a train, and torn up a stretch of track. We could not continue our journey until the soldiers of the new administration had driven Mr. Aguilar and his followers away, and repaired the track. The train did not proceed until the following Monday. Meanwhile I was able to visit the local congregation, get acquainted with some of the workers, and meet the family of a former colporteur whose son was continuing the work of Bible distribution. Since the hostelries were full and I was unable to secure hotel accommodations, Rev. Miguel Rojas, pastor of the Methodist congregation, very kindly allowed me to make use of a room in the quarters of the missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Wolfe, who were away on furlough.

Even a stranger could see at a glance that the city of Orizaba was living under a new régime, and one which the people themselves hardly understood. To one who was accustomed to looking upon Mexico as a Roman Catholic country, the

condition was a revelation, proving conclusively, as it did, that the papal rule was that of fear. From the very beginning, in Indian America, the Romish cult has been an imposition from without, never the result of spontaneous life from within. Passing one of the large church buildings, which I was told afterwards was the cathedral, I saw the sign in Spanish, "Commissary for mules and horses." My curiosity prompted me to step within. There, piled up under a mural painting of the Virgin, was a stack of hay on which mules were feeding. So thoroughly had Rome identified herself with the ruling classes, so completely had she alienated herself from the common people, that the Mexican revolutionists looked upon the hierarchy as their greatest enemy, and treated it as such.

At the request of Sr. Rojas, himself a pure Mexican, I addressed the mission congregation on Sunday. I had noticed the timidity of the people in general, and their apparent lack of understanding and full appreciation of the situation, and, letting my mind go back over my own experiences since landing in the country, dangers from bullets, yellow fever, smallpox, railroad accidents, etc., I could think of no better message to give the little company than that contained in the ninety-first Psalm. I pointed them to a living, personal, all-powerful God who is also a wise and loving Father, who will allow nothing to befall His chil-



dren which is not for their ultimate good, although we, today, with our limited vision may not be able to see the reasons for some of the things which He allows. It was a joy to be able, as representative of American Christians, to bring them this message from the grand old Book. I have spoken to many congregations in Mexico and other parts of Indian America since then, but never had greater joy in delivering the message.

When the train in which I proceeded to Mexico City stopped at the station of Maltrata, just before the long, steep climb by which a feat of modern engineering takes the traveler up to the tableland, I looked ahead and saw a crowd of Indian women running as for life towards the train. It was my first trip over the road, unusual things had been happening, and I wondered what this might be. Was the town being attacked, and were the women and children fleeing for safety to the train? But, no, as they approached we could see that every woman had upon her head, or in her arms, a basket filled with Mexican delicacies, food, and fruits which they offered for sale to the passengers during the delay of the train.

Once up on the tableland, a marked change in temperature was noticed, and we were glad that we had been forewarned to put on warm underclothing before starting, and to provide ourselves with an overcoat.

As we approached Mexico City and thereafter

in our journeys on the tableland, we were constantly reminded of what Mr. L. Blanco, the Maya Indian pastor of Campeche, had referred to as "the shame of Mexico." We passed field after field of the "maguey" plant, which is devoted to the manufacture of "pulque," the national intoxicating drink, a vile concoction which is peculiarly debasing and degrading in its effects.

The "maguey" is a large cactus with spreading leaves. When it has reached the right stage of growth an Indian reaches through the leaves and cuts out the center of the plant with a machete, making a hollow or bowl into which the sap oozes. To gather this juice, a man with a long, hollow stick, near the end of which has been fastened a gourd, reaches through the spiny leaves, dips the end near the gourd into the cavity and, by drawing in a long breath, sucks the juice up into the tube from which it falls, carried by gravity, into the gourd. Later it is allowed to ferment, when it is ready for use.

My first stay in Mexico City was very short. While the Mexican leaders were making protests of concord and amity, there were rumours of discord and a coming break. It was noticed throughout the country that the troops under the direction of the partisans of Mr. Carranza were moving north, those under Ponchito, as Villa was familiarly called, were moving south. After making arrangements with Rev. J. P. Hauser to look after

the interests of the Bible Society temporarily, it seemed wise for me to return to New York by way of Laredo, Texas, before the storm should burst and railway communications be severed.

I pushed my way through another surging, jostling crowd at the entrance of the railway station in Mexico City to the ticket window and through the gate. Here my hand baggage was thoroughly examined and an official, placing his hands under my arm, passed them down my sides and around my hips, saying:

"Pardon me, but I must search you for arms."

I submitted smilingly and tried to be sociable. As I passed on, having offered no objection to the searching of my baggage or person, he said:

"Thank you, I wish you a safe journey."

The train left the city about nine P. M., with no Pullman or chair car. Even the first class coaches here were crowded to capacity so that during the first part of the night I was unable to secure a seat, but later shared one with two other men. We continued thus, uncomfortably squeezed together, throughout all the following day. At nightfall we reached San Luis Potosi, where many passengers left the train. I tried to get a little sleep in my seat during the respite, but was suddenly wakened by an army officer, who asked various questions, where I came from, where I was going, what my business was, etc. After this he went over my person and through my baggage in search of con-

cealed weapons or gold currency which it was unlawful to take out of the country. Not finding any arms or contraband and learning my mission to Mexico, he assumed a friendly manner and wished me a safe journey.

The remainder of the trip was without incident. Impressions remain of train loads of Indian soldiers with their women and cooking utensils packed within, around, and on top of box cars, of burned railway stations, of trenches where engagements had been fought, and where the carcasses of horses still lay drying up in the hot sun, of heat, dust, and thirst suffered in company with fellow-Mexican travelers who unfailingly responded to any attempt at comradeship.

I arrived at Laredo, Texas, completely exhausted, on what proved to be the last through train for some time from Mexico City across the Rio Grande. My personal associations during the years that followed have made me feel sure that if we would only make the effort to know our southern neighbours better, the response would be immediate, and such an international friendship would result as would go far toward insuring world-peace, and result in untold material and moral benefit to all concerned.

#### IV

#### MISCONCEPTIONS CORRECTED

I ACQUIRED on my first visit a very favourable impression of the Mexican character, an impression which has been intensified with the years. During my travels in and through the land of our southern neighbours, I heard of many cruel and unjustifiable acts, but when I think of what was going on in Europe at the same time I do not feel like throwing stones at Mexico. We must remember that probably not two percent of the population was responsible for the turmoil, or took any active part in it. The great mass of the population is industrious and peace-loving. The common people desire nothing more ardently than a little land to cultivate and the right to earn, undisturbed, their own living. It is hard to understand a common misconception of the Mexican character.

"But aren't they a treacherous lot?" I am frequently asked. I felt as safe from harm from my fellows in Yucatan, Campeche, Vera Cruz, Orizaba, and even Mexico City as on the streets of New York and London. There never was a people more friendly disposed, more considerate, more

willing to go out of their way to do one a favour than the Mexican whom, unfortunately, we have identified with a few bandit outlaws. This conception reminds me of the Swiss peasant woman who once said to me:

"America must be a terrible country, for whenever any one commits a crime here he tries to get to America. You must have nothing but criminals over there."

I spent the Easter Holiday season of 1916 in the town of Muna, Yucatan. The streets were filled with men, women, and children, clothed in immaculate white, celebrating what is to them the greatest feast of the year with music, dancing, and the farcical trial and execution of the king of the carnival. There was absolutely no disorder or drunkenness, no pocket-picking nor petty thieving. There were hundreds of people crowding the street and plaza. The attitude of the crowd was more like that of a Sunday School picnic or some other religious gathering in the States than the celebration of a carnival. There was no rudeness, no loud talking, no rough jostling. Young women moved about, singly and together, through the crowd. I did not see one rude stare or glance nor hear a single improper remark of the kind so common among the young men in many Spanish-speaking countries. There seemed to be an innate refinement about the people such as I had not seen among the same class elsewhere. The very sug-

gestion of fear for one's personal safety among such a people provokes a smile.

On March the 9th, 1916, after spending the preceding night in the town of Ticul, Yucatan, I was on my way to the station to take the train for Mérida. I was walking alone, carrying my hand-bag and not paying particular attention to the route I was taking. I took the street along which there seemed to be the most traffic, supposing it to be the one leading to the depot. There were several school children walking in the same direction. After I had passed the corner where I should have turned, a little girl of seven or eight walked along by my side and asked very modestly where I wanted to go.

"To the station," I replied.

"The other street leads to the station," said she. The act was so unusual and so nicely done that it impressed itself on my mind at the time, but I have since found this attitude of kindness to be characteristic of the people.

Another question that is frequently asked is, "But are they not very fanatical Romanists?" This also is a misconception. I have already told of the use of the Cathedral in Orizaba as a commissary for mules and horses. In Yucatan, after the triumph of the revolutionists, one church was given to the Masons on condition that they remodel the front so that it would not look like a church. The church at Progreso was put to use

as a storehouse for the confiscated liquors of the port. In other places churches were given to various organizations, the one opposite my hotel in Mérida was assigned to the Students' League of Yucatan, and one in Muna to a labour organisation.

The labour organisation held its meeting the day I was in Muna. Taking advantage of the fact that the building was open, I went in and saw in the two small rooms back of the altar a quantity of paraphernalia of Romish worship, some vestments, a large image of the Virgin, a wooden Christ on the cross, other images, a box full of documents, etc., etc., all heaped in the greatest disorder. So heavy had been the hand of Rome and so little respect had the priests inspired, that as soon as the people realised that the hierarchy was in disfavour with the government, they lost no opportunity to show their enmity by sacking the churches and destroying the so-called sacred objects.

Many years ago an Indian came to the Bishop of Yucatan and told him that he had seen a light in a certain cedar tree. The bishop laughed and told the Indian he must be mistaken. The Indian returned the next night with the same story and was so earnest and insistent that the bishop himself went to see. Sure enough, there was a light in the tree. The bishop had the tree cut down and the wood brought to his house. Shortly after, a



stranger called, asking for work, saying that he was a carpenter. The carpenter was shut up in a room with the wood of the tree for the night. When the door was opened the following day, both the tree and the strange carpenter had disappeared. In their stead was an image of the Christ miraculously suspended in the air.

The image was installed with due ceremony in the church and became an object of adoration to which pilgrimages were made from the country around. In the process of time the church was burned; and, while all the other images and objects of worship were destroyed, the only harm that occurred to this miraculously-formed image was a few blisters raised on the surface by the heat of the fire. The object of such a miracle surely deserved a place in the cathedral in Mérida, whither it was carried to be worshipped hereafter under the name of the "Christ of the Blisters."

Hearing that the clergy were about to attempt to form another procession in honour of this image, the working class of Mérida gathered in front of the cathedral where they were addressed by a leader who, after reminding them of the centuries during which they had been hoodwinked and deceived by Rome, said, referring to an act of the inquisition in Yucatan during colonial days:

"If Monk Diego Deland celebrated an auto-da-fé in Mani with idols and monuments of the Indian, I, D. R——, request that an auto-da-fé be

now celebrated in the Plaza of Mérida with the black idol of the blisters. Enough of words! To the work!!"

The crowd started for the cathedral, entered, and stripped it. Piling the images on the floor, they set fire to them within the building itself in order not to attract the attention of the authorities. The miraculous image was placed on one of the fires. Lo and behold, though it became sooty with the smoke, it would not burn! An arm was broken off and it was seen to be a plaster cast!!

At the time of my visit, all children were unbaptised, all marriages were before the civil magistrate, the dead were buried without any religious ceremony. Yet so oppressive had been the rule of the clergy that the general feeling of the common people was one of relief. These things certainly do not indicate that the Indians of Mexico are fanatical Roman Catholics, in fact the contrary is the case, not only in Mexico, but throughout Indian America.

The fanatical Romanists are the Roman land-owners and the clergy, who do not want anything to come into the country that will make for the uplift of the Indian or that will in any way help to liberate him from their toils. Priests blessed the arms and acts of Cortéz. A priest was the partner of Pizarro in the iniquitous plans to steal the gold of the Incas and murder its owners. The treacherous capture of the Inca King and his base murder

later, had the blessing of the church. The church received its share of land and Indians and has continued to exploit the latter ever since. It has, also, from the beginning, with a few honourable exceptions, taken the side of the powerful against the weak. In four hundred years of contact, Rome has done absolutely nothing to elevate the Indian, but has preached to him constantly that the way to serve God was to remain in subjection to the land-owners and pay money to the priests for masses, prayers, baptisms, burials, etc., etc. In Yucatan, the landlords were in the habit of setting apart one room in their spacious residences as a chapel where the priests, aided by the command of the proprietor, could gather the Indians together and exhort them to be faithful. These successors of the conquerors are the fanatics who were interested in keeping the Bible out of Mexico and are still interested in keeping it out of other parts of Indigenous America. When Mexico had expelled the foreign priests from the country and when the landed proprietors went into hiding or exile, fanaticism disappeared. Fanaticism is not among the faults of the Mexican Indian nor, according to my experience, of any of the aborigines of the Western continent. It will be found that, in almost every case where apparent acts of fanaticism are committed, the priests, backed by the land-owners who do not want the Indian instructed, are the cause. I have found this to be true in every

case that has come to my attention. Whatever else the Indian may be or may not be, he is not fanatical.

The Indian does, however, throw up between himself and the white man a wall of reserve which it is at times difficult to penetrate. He has very good reasons for his reserve and suspicion. Has he not been deceived, cheated, robbed, and unmercifully ill-treated and beaten by the representatives of Christianity, until he can no longer say that his lands, his animals, his wife or children, or even his soul, are his own, if a white man chooses to covet any one of them? No wonder the preaching of the Gospel has little or no effect. The Indian has learned to set little store by the words of the white man. Acts of love and kindness, however, he can understand, the love of Christ interpreted into deeds rather than words. Disinterested care for his suffering body, work for the welfare and education of his children, and even an interest in his poor and meager crops, a suggestion as to how he can get more out of the soil, or improve the wool-bearing quality of his scrub sheep: all of these things indicate an unselfish interest, and are a help toward breaking down the almost impenetrable barrier of reserve in which he has been driven to enclose himself. In his battle for life the Indian, of all the region from the Mexican border to Chile, is absolutely without the aid of modern

scientific medicine. No other one thing so breaks down his prejudices as does sympathy and help for his suffering body in the mission of healing.

In these times of uncertainty, disorganisation, and unrest, the whole world is looking and hoping for better things. This feeling of unrest and desire to improve their condition has reached the Indians also. In Mexico, I found the Protestant services well attended everywhere. From El Paso to Laredo along the Mexican border and in all the intervening towns between these two places and Mexico City as well as in Vera Cruz, Tampico, and Yucatan, full congregations listened, and still listen, to the Gospel. This hopefulness for better things, this desire to find some solution for the settlement of their economic, social, and spiritual problems, does not end with Mexico. It is present from El Paso to Cape Horn, more intensified in some places than in others, but still manifest to a greater or less degree wherever the Indian is to be found.

There seems to be a pretty general feeling in these countries that in education lies the remedy for all their ills. There is a greatly increased desire to learn to read. Parents everywhere wish their children to have an education. Not only is there need for us to help with primary schools, but we must help them with a supply of all kinds of helpful, uplifting, inspirational literature in the

Spanish language. At present there is very little uplifting literature available. Much of that in circulation is of a most debasing character. That good literature will be received is evidenced by the fact that tens of thousands of Gospels are being disposed of every year by sale, by the American Bible Society, yet the funds available for this work do not enable it to satisfactorily cover one-third of the territory. Ten thousand Bibles and portions of the Bible were sold in the city of Monterrey, Mexico, in 1916,—one book to every eight persons,—and in Mexico City the same year 50,000 books were sold in a house to house canvass. Not only in the cities but throughout the country there is a ready disposition to buy books, not so much because they are Bibles, but because they are reading matter.

In Mexico are to be found many very gratifying results of the work of Bible distribution as a pioneer missionary service. Rev. Garza Mora, a Southern Presbyterian minister of the Monterrey district, was converted through the reading of a Bible given his mother by a captain of the American army during the war with Mexico. Some United States army officers of the expedition to Mexico called at his mother's plantation for food. She did not understand English, nor they Spanish; but they were able to make her understand by signs what they wanted. She ordered prepared for them eggs and tortillas for which they offered to pay.

She would accept no money. One of the officers then went to his saddle-bags, took out and gave her a Spanish Bible. When the officers had departed she began to read the Bible and became intensely interested. She decided that this book was the Word of God, and that she would follow its teachings.

Learning that it was wrong to worship idols she took down all of the many pictures and images of the saints, etc., that she had in the home, dug a hole in the ground and buried them in order to put them out of the way so that no one else would be tempted to worship them. Her mother, grandmother of Mr. Mora, becoming alarmed at the way the book was affecting her daughter's mind, secretly obtained possession of it, took it to a priest, and together they burned it, in order to break the spell it had woven about the daughter. The mother of Mr. Mora, however, had learned that the officer had located in Brownsville, Texas. She went to him and told him of her loss. He secured another Spanish Bible for her from New York. Mr. Mora was quite young at the time. His mother began to read Bible stories to him, and she read them over and over to all the children. As a result, when missionaries finally came to that section, that Bible had prepared the way, and it became the means of the conversion of several who afterwards became members of the church. I am told that that particular Bible is now in the museum

of the Presbyterian Mission Board room in New York City.

When in Yucatan, I became acquainted with three very earnest mission workers, Don Liborio Blanco and his two brothers, one pastor of the Presbyterian church in Mérida, the other a candidate for the ministry. Don Liborio told me the story of his conversion, while I was resting in Muna after a trip to the prehistoric ruins of Uxmal. A colporteur of the American Bible Society had visited the school where he was learning to read. This man was interested in the Indian children and offered a Testament to the best reader in the beginners' class of Indian boys. Little Liborio secured the prize, which he took home to his mother.

The mother, not sure whether or not the boy ought to read the book, asked advice of the local priest. He told her it should be destroyed. Instead of destroying the book, the boy hid it under the rafters of the house. He had almost forgotten about it, when, some years later, working as an apprentice in a shoe factory, he made the acquaintance of a converted fellow-worker. Noting how very different was the life of this professing Christian from that of the other workers in the shop, he asked him questions about his religion. The fellow-workman told him that he could learn all about the true religion in the New Testament.

Going home, young Liborio looked up the for-



gotten book and began to read it. At first he could understand very little of what he read. The book was printed in Spanish, his own language was the Maya. While he had been to school a little, he did not know Spanish very well. Everything seemed dark to him, yet there came glimpses of light that made him wish to understand the book better. Ignorant boy though he was, he laid the book before the Lord and prayed.

"Lord, Thou knowest my ignorance. Some people tell me this is a bad book, others say that it is good. I do not know. If it is a bad book, I do not want to understand it, but if it is a good book, grant that I may understand it better and better."

His prayer was answered and, as the result of the reading of that Testament, he and other members of the family were converted. Three of them, at least, have come to consecrate their lives to the extension of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen.

In the early sixties, Mr. T. M. Westrup took a trip through the state of Durango, Mexico, preaching in the centers of population and distributing Bibles everywhere. He left a Bible with an old herdsman, who treasured it as long as he lived, and when dying, left it to his daughter, requesting her to read it, care for it, and follow its teachings. The daughter married, and she, her husband, and children, considered the Book their most precious

treasure. It alone guided them to Christ. The family were baptised by the Rev. Frank Marrs, and became the nucleus of a Baptist church which has produced several pastors, among them the Rev. Francisco Soria, pastor of the Baptist church of Durango City, who walked seventy miles to be baptised by the Rev. J. H. Benson.

The instances recorded in this chapter are surely sufficient to prove that not only is the Mexican kindly disposed and not fanatical, but that he is accessible and responsive to evangelistic effort. The Indian races to the south of us present a fruitful field for Christian endeavour, an undeveloped source of spiritual wealth, vast mines of diamonds in the rough to be gathered for the Master's crown, an almost virgin field for spiritual conquest that challenges the metal of modern Christian Knighthood.

## V

### IN AND AROUND THE AZTEC CAPITAL

WHEN living in Mexico City, it became necessary for us to employ a woman as servant in the house, as well as a man to cultivate the large garden and to have general oversight of the grounds. A boy and girl, brother and sister, from Xochitenco, a village located on the side of Lake Texcoco opposite Mexico City, were recommended by a friend to come to us. The girl had never been in the city before, and knew absolutely nothing of civilised housekeeping. She sat on the floor to clean the vegetables and threw the peelings down in front of her instead of putting them into the pan or sink. Mrs. Jordan was beginning to wonder if she could possibly undertake the training of one so ignorant, when, at the close of the first day, the girl and her brother came to the conclusion that Mexico City was too "sad and lonesome" for them and they must return to their village home. Mrs. Jordan dreaded taking another ignorant country girl on trial. It became imperative, however, for her to hire someone. I also needed a man to work the wartime garden, hence we decided to try again.

The same friend who had sent the first couple sent us another brother and sister.

Aurelia and Maicimino García were Indian in feature and dress, retiring and taciturn, their appearance was not at all prepossessing. I found my task with the boy quite simple. He enjoyed cultivating the soil, was much pleased with the American tools; and I let him have pretty nearly his own way with the garden. He was anxious to learn all about the new plants we were trying to introduce and, from time to time, asked for seeds and plants to take back to his own village for his father to grow on their little farm.

Mrs. Jordan's task with the girl, however, was quite different. Aurelia was absolutely ignorant of each and every duty she was called upon to perform. Many times during the first few weeks Mrs. Jordan would say:

"I do not know what to make of the girl. She does not talk; she seems willing and I think she is trying to please, but I cannot tell whether she is pleased or not, or what she is thinking about, and she is, Oh! so slow!"

After the first week, the mother came bringing the children changes of clothing. At the same time, she brought a basket of native fruits for us. She was a tall, thin, serious, and purposeful-looking woman. She remained for the night with her children. Before leaving the next morning, she said to us that she hoped we were pleased with

the children for they were happy and wanted to stay with us. Thus began a long and most pleasant relationship. One of the parents would come every second week bringing a change of clothing for the children and taking back the soiled clothes for mending and washing. On these visits they never omitted bringing us a basket of country products. At one time it would be figs, at another zapotes—the sweet fruit of the tree from the sap of which the chicle for the chewing gum of commerce is extracted. Sometimes they would bring butter and milk or a brace of wild fowl. Mrs. Jordan did not allow the parents to return empty-handed, but would always put something in the basket to be taken back home by them, generally a cake or a loaf of bread, of which the mother was specially proud after Aurelia had learned to bake. I think, however, if the food value of the things given were taken into account, we would unquestionably remain in their debt.

Once, in honour of the birthday of Aurelia, the mother and another sister came bringing with them a large turkey, together with all the articles necessary for preparing it in true Mexican style, and asked the privilege of preparing it for us. As a special treat they prepared the turkey with a sauce, called "*mole*," very highly seasoned with red pepper and other condiments. I did not realise how strongly peppered the dish was and served the children quite liberally with the attractive-

looking sauce. Our youngest, David Carey, was the first to taste it. Taking a mouthful, he was surprised, shocked, and terrified at the painful effect of the delicate morsel he had been so long anticipating and raised a howl that was heard all over the house. The sound reached the kitchen where the mother and sister were. We were embarrassed, since we wished them to feel that we appreciated their efforts to give us pleasure. We were glad to see, however, that their keen sense of humour led them to appreciate the situation. They burst out laughing, and will long remember and laugh over the incident. The rest of the family were more careful, and we really did enjoy the turkey. We prized most of all, however, the spirit that had prompted its preparation, showing, as it did, that we had a place in the hearts of those with whom we were having our most intimate dealings, and whom we were learning to love and appreciate.

The Garcías were insistent in pressing us to come with our children and spend a day in their home where they entertained us more than once with hearty hospitality. The mother with the assistance of another daughter prepared Mexican delicacies for the table and did not conceal her delight to find that we enjoyed them. The father laid aside his ordinary occupations in order to show us what to them were commonplace enough, but to us, the wonders of the Lake.

Neither mother nor father could read. They

had wished their children might learn to do so, but had come to think they were too old to begin to learn. We secured some Spanish first readers and, after the supper dishes were washed, Aurelia and Maicimino would come to the living room for their daily reading lesson. They learned rapidly and, as soon as they found they could begin to spell out and understand the signs over the places of business in the city, were delighted and spurred on to greater effort. After finishing the primers, the Spanish Bible became our text-book. Finally, with the formality of a full month's notice, this Mexican brother and sister left our home; he to assist his father on the little farm, she to relieve her aged mother in the household duties. Honest and faithful, responsive and affectionate, our intimate relations with this humble Mexican family proved them to be. Our associations with them helped to brighten our stay in Mexico City at a time when living conditions left much to be desired.

Mexico City was suffering at this time from a scourge of organised thieves and housebreakers. Nothing movable was safe from their depredations. Clothing, laundry, utensils, door knobs, bells, and electric light fixtures, would disappear mysteriously while one's back was turned. Almost while one was looking, automobile parts such as hub and radiator caps, spark coils, lamps and headlights, would disappear from a standing machine.

Three well-dressed young men entered the Bible Depository early one morning as Miss Febe Becerra, who was alone in charge of the office, was using the telephone. Two of the men coming near tried to engage her in conversation and confuse her. On hanging up the receiver, she noticed that the typewriter, at which she had just been working, had disappeared. Stepping quickly to the door ahead of the men, she held them while calling for help, and succeeded in delivering both to the police, though one afterwards escaped. Several typewriters were lost in the city that week, but this was the only case in which an arrest was made.

Both Miss Becerra and I, as her employer and owner of the machine, were obliged to appear in court. The authorities kept calling upon her to appear. Finally it became necessary for her to go to the penitentiary to identify the prisoner. Retiring, as Mexican ladies are known to be, one could but admire her courage and pluck, her presence of mind, and her willingness to see the thing through. Police courts in Mexico are so slow, and any case involves so much loss of time and so many petty annoyances that many prefer to allow a thief to escape rather than run the risk of being involved in a court affair.

No body of water is more intimately connected with the life of a people or is more closely interwoven with its legends and history than is Lake Texcoco with that of the once powerful Aztecs.



Suggestive also of the fate of that ill-starred nation is the reduction of the once proud inland sea to little more than a mud flat barely covered with water during the dry season, a little deeper and more extended during the rains, but never more than a faint indication of its former national importance. Teeming with insect, bird, reptile, and amphibian life as do few spots on the surface of our planet, the lake is the wonder of the casual visitor, a garden of discovery and delight for the naturalist, and a wing-shot's paradise. More important than these, however, is the never-ending human interest centering in the lives of the simple villagers who cultivate its shores, pasture their cattle among its reeds, extract a living from its fertile mud by the sale of the catch of insects, fish, bird, and amphibian, or of the saltpeter left by the evaporation of its liquid content. Typical of the constant struggle for life going on in and above its waters is the Mexican national emblem of an eagle in the act of destroying a serpent.

Lake Texcoco is a large body of very shallow water, the remains of what was formerly an inland sea that covered the floor of the valley, and in the midst of which the city of Mexico was first built. At the time of the Spanish conquest the city was surrounded by water and connected with the mainland by a long causeway. Cortéz built ships on the shore of the lake at the town of Texcoco when he laid siege to the city. Many of its streets were

formed by canals as are those of modern Venice. The water has been gradually drying up, however, aided in the process by a triumph of modern sanitary engineering in the form of the sewage canal and tunnel through the mountains that form the rim of the bowl-shaped valley which formerly had no outlet.

While never entirely dry, at times sections of the bottom of the lake become so dry that the mud is worked up into fine dust which is frequently elevated by whirlwinds and precipitated upon Mexico City in heavy, disagreeable dust storms. During the rains, this lake-bottom is covered with water ranging in depth anywhere from a few inches to two or three feet. It is traversed by narrow ditch-like canals to admit the passage of long, narrow boats. On a still day, I have seen a man, sitting in a boat in the middle of a stretch of water a mile wide and apparently deep, jump out and run to secure a duck he had shot. The water was so shallow that from the distance it gave the appearance of the miracle of a man running on the surface of a large body of water.

It was the friendship of the family of our Mexican servants that led to an intimate acquaintance with this fascinating natural vivarium. To reach their home in Xochitenco we crossed the lake on a flat car drawn by mules over a delapidated railroad built on a low embankment thrown up across the shallow waters.

Sr. García's little plot of land reached to the edge of the lake, and a ditch brought his long, narrow boat close to the house. At this point the lake is overgrown with reeds, but channels are kept open for navigation by the light, flat-bottomed boats. We were taken for a ride in one of these boats which was filled with grass so that we might recline in comfort while our swarthy hosts, father and son, propelled us around among the reeds and out into the open water. The Garcías were very solicitous that Mrs. Jordan should enjoy the day, and as we made our way through the channels among the bright green rushes, reclining over the water, shaded by umbrellas from the tropic sun, with every wish anticipated by our delighted hosts, it was not hard to imagine the pomp and luxury of the Montezumas as they traveled in royal splendour the waterways of the empire before the arrival of Cortéz and his followers.

Innumerable snipe-like birds were feeding in the mud. Some of these were shot for us with an old muzzle-loading gun such as I had used when a boy. Numerous water snakes would glide from the reeds into the water and swim away at our approach. The water, the mud, and the grass, were teeming with many kinds of aquatic and semi-aquatic life. The tall reeds were fairly alive with small frogs that, having crawled up out of the water, were sunning themselves on the glistening stalks and leaves. Insects scurried to their

hiding places in the mud. Schools of small, minnow-like fish fairly crowded themselves out of the water in places, and elsewhere the shallow bottom was black with wriggling tadpoles.

As we had come along the railroad from Mexico City across the mud flats of the lake, we had noticed the sides of the embankment black with a small fly that had congregated in such swarms that the noise as they flew up, frightened by the trotting mules, was similar to that caused by the wind among dry leaves. An interesting feature in the history of this fly scientifically known as "*ephedra hians*" is its use from time immemorial as an article of human consumption. Handfuls of long reeds are tied together at the tips and laid in parallel rows about a foot apart upon the ground at the water's edge. In a short time these wisps of reeds are covered with flies and after a day or two are gathered, white with the deposited eggs. They are then spread out in the hot sun. After drying, the eggs are shaken and rubbed off onto a large cloth spread upon the ground. When needed for food, they are ground and prepared as a sort of porridge or gruel of which the inhabitants in the bordering villages are very fond.

The mud of the lake bottom teems with countless millions of the larvæ of this fly, and portions of the surface are covered at times with its floating pupæ. These drift ashore in little windrows

and are swept up by the natives. The choicest of the pupæ are made into paste to be eaten with tortillas. Others are dried, cleaned of the foreign matter that has drifted ashore with them, and sold for bird food. Before the great war they were regularly shipped to Europe and sold to bird fanciers. The residue is used as fertilizer by the gardeners around the capital. The mature flies are caught at night in large numbers in cheese cloth nets and sold in the markets for chicken feed.

One of the most impressive lessons of Lake Texcoco is to be found in the wonderful provision of Providence, by this super-abundance of animal life in its waters and muddy bottom, for the sustenance throughout the winter of the vast numbers of water fowl that darken its waters from September to March. While there is a great variety of other birds, swimmers as well as great flocks of waders, the various species of the migratory duck predominate. During the season from the last of September to the first of March, this lake is frequented by hundreds of thousands of ducks that come to spend the winter here where nature has provided such abundance of food for their nourishment.

These are the very same ducks that the United States and Canada protect in the spring on their return to their breeding places in the north. Again on their way back in autumn to their winter quarters on Lake Texcoco they are hedged about

with shooting regulations. Here in Mexico the birds are absolutely unprotected and subjected to the most destructive kind of wholesale slaughter. Individuals acquire the rights to sections of the lake. Through these places no one is allowed to pass, and at a point within easy shotgun range a hundred or more old fowling pieces are trained on the water. About as many more are pointed a few feet above the surface. The ducks, learning that they can feed undisturbed in these spots, congregate here in great numbers. At a pre-arranged hour, usually between ten and eleven in the morning, a volley is fired by a contrivance attached to the guns, first at the ducks resting on the water, then another volley as they rise. The slaughter is enormous. Wounded ducks fly in all directions. Men, women and boys from Mexico City, having gathered in anticipation of the "*armada*," as they call it, run to secure the wounded ducks that fall outside the property of those controlling this section of the water. The slayers gather up the dead and wounded as quickly as possible in boat-loads, and, charging the guns again, retire from sight.

Strange as it may seem, the frightened birds soon begin to congregate again in the same place. Volleys of shot fired at them in this way, from time to time, frighten the birds less than the continued passing of sportsmen with guns. On most of the grounds this wholesale shooting occurs about twice a week from October to February.

Other game birds are also subjected to this manner of slaughter, but not to the same extent as ducks. After such an "*armada*," ducks are frequently sold in Mexico City for twenty-five cents each.

This brings us to another lesson to be derived from the study of Lake Texcoco, namely, the brotherhood and interdependence of man. The earth, being made for mankind as a whole, should not be monopolised by any individual or nation. These wild ducks should be made a subject of international agreement as to laws for their preservation. Since the United States and Canada protect these birds, could not Mexico be persuaded to give them some measure of protection, and, at the same time, take steps to prevent the further drying up of this wonderful body of water in order that it may be preserved to continue to produce its marvelous supply of food for the innumerable birds that congregate here to pass the winter?

Of intense interest are the archæological and ethnological collections to be found in the museum of Mexico City. They not only merit a passing visit, but furnish subjects for a lifetime of fascinating study. The enormous, grotesque, stone figures of the Aztecs indicate a mythology trying to find enduring expression. The massive Calendar Stone, with its undeciphered hieroglyphics, bears mute testimony to a development of the science of astronomy that must have been the result of generations of patient study and observa-

tion. The different tribes of Indians living in the various parts of Mexico are here represented by life-sized wax figures clad in native costumes, working at their usual occupations in the vicinity of huts which are the exact replica of those found in the native villages.

The Natural History Museum occupies crowded quarters, every available inch of floor space being taken up with glass cases crowded with specimens. At the sides, cases are arranged tier upon tier. Hundreds of stuffed specimens are standing upon the tops of the side cases and hung from the walls around the interior. Few places are more favourably located for such a museum, or are better centers from which to pursue the study of nature, than is Mexico City. The altitude is favourable to the preservation of the specimens, and its location at the center of the railroad system of the country which has a variety of fauna excelled by few others adds to its desirability as a center for scientific observation.

The Biological Department of the museum was making a study of the vital statistics of the valley of Mexico during the time of our stay in the city. They were also trying to secure a complete set of specimens of the fauna of the valley. I found Professor Herrera a most charming gentleman. During our outings in the vicinity of Lake Texcoco I succeeded in securing some desired specimens which I gave to the museum. Thereafter I



had a standing invitation from Mr. Herrera, the chief of the department, to accompany the staff of the institution on their weekly outings for study, research and recreation.

One Saturday, we all carried our lunch and visited the locality of the famous floating gardens at Xochimilco, where are also the waterworks from which Mexico City is supplied. The party consisted of professors of the University, Mr. Herrera, and the mythologist, entomologist, and taxidermist of the museum, as well as two or three others. We passed a most pleasant day and secured many specimens. Mr. Herrera obtained much information regarding the most prevalent diseases among the natives of the district. To my mind, the outstanding feature of the day was the fact that the party, consisting mostly of Government employees, went first to military headquarters to request that soldiers be sent out to protect us during the day's outing from attack by the Indian followers and friends of the rebel Zapata, a precaution I would have considered unnecessary had I been alone.

While there was much banditry and highway robbery, it was safer for a foreigner to travel in Mexico at that time than for almost any unprotected member of the Mexican Government. I once invited a friend who was very prominent in Mexican politics and a loyal supporter of Mr. Carranza to go with me on Saturday afternoon on a

shooting trip across Lake Texcoco. He demurred, saying that he would very much like to go but that he was so closely connected with the government that, should we meet with any of its enemies, he feared he would receive little mercy at their hands. This invitation was to visit the vicinity of the home of our servants, a section to which I had not the slightest hesitation in taking Mrs. Jordan and the children and where we were treated by all with the greatest consideration and courtesy.

I found military men everywhere very kindly disposed. There was no prejudice against individual Americans. I, as well as other missionaries, circulated freely among Villa's soldiers in and around Aguas Calientes just after their first defeat by the Carranza forces. No restrictions were placed upon our movements, and soldiers and officers conversed freely with us. I remember in particular one petty officer beside whom I sat at the railroad station. He was very much dejected, having just lost a brother. Speaking of the way the revolution had degenerated to a fratricidal squabble he said:

"We Mexicans are a bad lot. We cannot agree together. I will never forgive those scoundrels for the way in which they killed my brother."

He was no longer fighting for principles, vindictiveness furnished the motive.

The officers of Carranza's forces were equally friendly and confided to me secrets regarding their

movements that were very important in arranging my itinerary.

Even the terrible Zapata whose Indians, when in possession of Mexico City, shot down the firemen thinking that the engine with which they were hastening to quench a fire was some new instrument of war, gave the colporteur of the American Bible Society a passport in which he *commanded* his own officials to offer him every facility in his work and *kindly requested* the enemy to do the same!

Such are the Mexicans as I have found them in all walks of life. Always ready to meet one more than half way in establishing friendships that were helpful and permanent. They have found a cherished place in our memories and, on leaving the country to which we had devoted four years of happy service, to take up our residence in the Canal Zone, we felt like repeating from the heart the formula of the Mexican labourer on leaving the service of an employer, "*Dispense lo malo.*" Literally, "Excuse the bad." Freely translated it means, "Forgive all the trouble and worry my mistakes and imperfect services may have caused you."

## VI

### THE BIBLE HOUSE, CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

THE magnificent three-story reinforced concrete building in the business section of Cristobal, Canal Zone, announcing to the world in large blue terra cotta letters that it is the property of the American Bible Society bears a bronze tablet setting forth its origin as a centennial gift from the Maryland Bible Society on the completion of the first hundred years of the former. The Bible House was erected here in order to take advantage of a strategic position from which to send the printed Word to the ends of the earth through the multitudinous avenues of commerce centering in the Canal.

The building is the headquarters for two agencies of the American Bible Society, the Upper Andes and the Caribbean, which cover Central America, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. Here, also, many missionaries going to and from their fields in Central and South America, as well as in other parts of the world, find a temporary home while waiting to make their boat connections when it becomes necessary to tranship in Panama. I do not know, however, that it was

ever anticipated that the Bible House at Cristobal would serve in any large way the indigenous populations of Central and South America. This, nevertheless, it is beginning to do. Within the last few weeks there has been brought to the Bible House a manuscript of a grammar and the Gospel of Matthew in the language of the Valiente Indians of the Republic of Panama whose speech has never before been reduced to writing. These people occupy a portion of the coast, but more largely the mountains of the interior between Cristobal and Bocas del Toro, the first seaport to the west. A lay worker of the English Wesleyan church without much book learning has been for years working out the intricacies of this unknown and unwritten language. The missionary in charge, the Rev. C. S. Cousins, brought the results of the labours of this indefatigable worker to the representative of the Bible Society for suggestion and help.

In the opposite direction, to the east along the north shore of the Isthmus toward Colombia, inhabiting a group of entrancingly beautiful coral islands and the adjacent coast, are the San Blas Indians. Small of stature, of sturdy physique, no adequate description of them is to be found in our encyclopedias. Ruled by hereditary chiefs, they had not until recently acknowledged the supremacy of the white man. These Indians boast their racial purity and uncontaminated blood. They are sim-

ple agriculturalists, fishermen, and hunters, selling their cocoanuts to the merchants of Colon, who send small boats along the coast to gather them in. Sometimes the Indians themselves bring their products and those of the forest and sea to the wharves at Colon, paddling with marvelous skill their dug-out canoes, heaped to the gunwale, over the choppy sea outside the harbour.

These Indians have peculiar customs. They live mostly on the low coral islands of the gulf of San Blas to avoid the snakes, beasts, and insect pests of the mainland. Their cocoanut farms, however, are on the nearby coast where the women go to the streams for fresh water for drinking, cooking, and washing and the men to work, hunt, and bury their dead. They are very cleanly in some of their habits, washing their clothing and bathing frequently. Both men and women are clever with the needle. The men make their own garments and the women make dresses of appliqué work with fantastic designs. They are fond of ornaments and weight themselves down with strings of coins and beads. They disfigure their limbs by constricting them with strings of beads so tightly wound around that the muscles of the calf do not develop. Nose rings and great gold disks hanging from their ears were until recently the fashion. Rum and gambling are the curses of this picturesque people who are exploited by traders and conscienceless government officials.



INDIAN WOMAN (SAN BLAS) PANAMA. NOTE  
GOLD DISKS AND CONSTRICTED ARMS.



MEXICAN CHRISTIAN WOMAN CARRYING  
WATER.





The local Government representative, the chief of police, is now setting about civilising (?) the islanders by forbidding the wearing of their picturesque costumes and prohibiting attendance at the mission school and services. Rounding them up, he forces them to take part in nightly dances where Panamanian police teach mixed dancing and the modern "trots," a proceeding which at first scandalised the hitherto unsophisticated Indians. Recently the chief of police outdid Pizarro himself by issuing an order that no Indian woman should henceforth wear jewelry on pain of imprisonment. He then proceeded to confiscate quantities of gold and silver ornaments, giving neither receipt nor scrap of paper to indicate the value or previous ownership of the articles.

Mrs. Elizabeth Purdy, who has lived for eight years in a grass hut on one of the islands and who is returning to the States broken in health by a malignant type of malaria, is, at this writing, at the Bible House on her way to the States with three Indian young men whom she has been teaching English, and whom her zeal has inspired with the ambition to get an education so that they can return to help their own people. While at the Bible House, Mrs. Purdy is dictating to the representative of the Bible Society her vocabulary of Indian words so that whoever follows her may take advantage of the result of her labours and begin where she left off.

South from the San Blas region on the opposite side of the Isthmus are the still more primitive Darien Indians, among whom no missionary is working. From time to time, excursion parties are formed and a launch chartered by Canal Zone employees and others to look upon these Darien Indians in their primitiveness and to photograph them in their nakedness, but no messenger of the Cross has as yet gone to live Christ among them.

These unevangelised Indians, and others as well, are close at hand, living with us on the same narrow Isthmus that has witnessed one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. Farther afield to the West and Northwest in Central America and to the South and Southeast in the Andes and the Amazon valley, are the descendants of the ancient Cakchiquels and Quichés, the Chibchas, the Quichuas, and the Aymarás whose civilisations were destroyed by the Spanish Conquest, but whose enslaved children are today mutely appealing to North America for sympathy and help. Indian America is at our doors here in Cristobal; its representatives daily walk the streets of Panama and Colon as well as other Latin American cities, ignorant of Spanish, the language of their rulers, and dumbly desiring—they know not what. We know: it is Christian sympathy, the Message of Jesus, the Gospel of the Kingdom. Thank God for the Bible House and the purpose

that erected it that every man might hear in his own tongue the "wonderful works of God."

Rev. R. R. Gregory, Secretary for the Caribbean Agency, has just brought to the Bible House (1923) on his return from a trip through Guatemala, the manuscript of a part of the Gospel of John in the Cakchiquel language, translated by Mr. W. C. Townsend, of the Central America Mission of Antigua with the help of two Indian converts. This language, spoken by about 250,000 people is of Mayan stock, the most fully developed of any of the languages found in the two Americas. Monuments, monoliths, and other stones with still undeciphered Mayan inscriptions are found today scattered among crumbling and forest-covered ruins throughout northern Guatemala and southern Mexico. Mr. Townsend and his helpers pastor thirty-eight congregations speaking this language.

Nowhere in all Indian America is more progress being made towards reaching the Indian with the Gospel than in Guatemala. Rev. Paul Burgess, Ph.D., of the Presbyterian Mission at Quezaltenango, has had American and European training, and is devoting himself entirely to work for the Quiches, of which there are some 300,000, among whom he has many mission congregations. The Quiches are also of Mayan stock, and Mr. Burgess is approaching their language from a scientific standpoint with a view to giving them the Gospel

in their own tongue. Both Mr. Townsend and Dr. Burgess are looking to the American Bible Society to publish the results of their Bible translation work.

Devoted Moravian missionaries have already translated the New Testament into the language of the famous Mosquito Indians inhabiting the east coast of Nicaragua. The work hitherto attempted in Central America is, however, but very slight compared with that remaining to be undertaken.

The activities on behalf of the Indian, helped or directed from the Bible House, reach away down to Southern Bolivia. We are at this writing mailing copies of the whole New Testament in the Quechua language of that region to missionaries at work in the Bolivian interior. This particular production is, as far as I have been able to learn, the second complete New Testament ever published in any indigenous South American language or dialect—the first being that of the Guarani of Paraguay. This translation was made under the direction of Mr. George Allan, of the Bolivian Indian Mission. The American Bible Society has just entered into an arrangement with Mr. C. H. McKinney, formerly of that Mission, to undertake the supervision of the circulation of this book. Mr. McKinney will locate in La Paz, and we trust he may be able to undertake also the supervision of the translation of the Gospels into the language of the sturdy though degraded Aymarás that in-

habit that city and the surrounding country. If we except a very defective Gospel of Luke, the Aymarás have never had any portion of the Bible in their own tongue.

Some years ago, the American Bible Society published the Gospels in the dialect of Cuzco, the cradle of the Quechua language, which is now spoken in its various dialects from Ecuador to northern Chile. Another and revised edition is needed. In the program of evangelisation of South and Central America, the publishing of diglot Gospels in the native dialects side by side with the Spanish, is of prime importance if for nothing more than to give the workers among the Indians a vocabulary with which to present the Gospel. Just as we in North America have found the publication of Bible portions in English and the language of the immigrant an aid to the Americanisation of the foreigner, so the Latin American countries are going to find the publication of these diglot Gospels an aid in the program of nationalising the Indian. A field for linguistic acquisition and effort is here presented, rivalled only by India and Africa.

During a recent visit to Ecuador, the writer called on Mrs. William Woodward, of Calíata, a little village in the thickly-populated Indian country near Riobamba. Mrs. Woodward has been in Ecuador for the last nineteen years without having once returned to the homeland. Without any

special educational qualification other than a grammar school knowledge of English, she has devoted herself to the study of the Indian language, using the only method by which it is possible to acquire a language that has no literature, namely association with the people themselves. She spent a great deal of her time with the shepherd women in the fields where they were tending their flocks, showing the curiosity of a child in asking them the name of everything and having new expressions repeated again and again for her benefit. Little by little, she was able to put the Bible stories into language that the women could understand. Then she began the translation of incidents and parables from the Gospels, writing down and preserving the results of her work. Finally, she had accomplished sufficient to be able to translate the whole of the Gospel of Luke. As a result of her long study and patient effort, workers now going to the Quechua Indians of Ecuador will be able to save years of delay in acquiring the language by taking advantage of that which Mrs. Woodward has been at work so faithfully digging out for them and putting into print with the help of the American Bible Society.

From the highlands of Ecuador to the east of Riobamba a very rapid descent is made into the heavily-forested Amazon valley, and the traveler finds himself in the land of the Jíbaros, formerly a very numerous and warlike tribe who extermi-

nated the Spaniards who had established prosperous cities in that region. These people are devil worshipers. If God is good, they reason, they have nothing to fear from Him. The devil, however, is malignant, therefore he must be propitiated by worship and sacrifice. The witch doctor is their chief authority and resource in time of sickness and need. In case of serious illness, some child or other helpless person is looked upon as the cause and tortured, frequently to death, in order that the sick person may find relief. A strong man or warrior is never chosen to be made the subject of these tortures. An able-bodied man is so strong that he cannot be made the tool of the devil in producing sickness, but children, women, and old men may be so used. Women do the heavy work of tilling the ground, carrying burdens, etc. A man may have several wives, and it is customary to kill the old and useless ones.

War is the normal state of the Jíbaro Indian, first for the purpose of securing wives from neighbouring or enemy tribes, second for revenge of injuries inflicted upon relatives during these wars, then for enemy heads that are supposed to bring good luck to the possessors because of the sacrifice of the victim to the devil. The heads of their enemies also become a source of income to these savage Amazonian tribes, since they are exchanged with traders for arms, ammunition, etc.

The skull is removed from the head of the de-

capitated enemy through a slit in the back from the neck up. The skin is then boiled to arrest putrefaction, after which it is dried and reduced in size by inserting hot stones the size of an orange. When the interior has been shrunk to the size of the stones hot sand is used to continue the process of drying and shrinking. After the process is completed, the head is hung up in the hut as a trophy and feasts are held in its honour. These miniature heads, retaining to a remarkable degree characteristic likeness to the living person, are unfortunately in demand in the civilised (?) world. Merchants in Lima, Peru, and even in Panama, have these gruesome objects mounted in glass cases upon their counters as a side attraction to their places of business.

During the last two centuries the Jíbaros have greatly decreased in numbers. Their attitude toward the whites has become more friendly and they respond readily to kindly approach. The only missionaries working among them, however, are those of the Gospel Missionary Union. These lone missionaries, also, when on their way to their distant stations take advantage of the hospitality offered by the Bible House in Cristobal. Without much book-learning or the preparation usually required by other Mission Boards for those whom they send out, these missionaries are nevertheless representing Jesus Christ in the midst of these untutored savages and, by their acts of kindness in-



terpreting to them the nature of God's love. Is it too much to hope that even these Jíbaros may some day enjoy the benefits already conferred upon so many nations and tribes by Bible Society activity?

Long-neglected Ecuador is at last receiving some attention from North American missionary forces. The Christian and Missionary Alliance has assumed responsibility for the evangelisation of the field. In increasing numbers, new missionaries of this Board are calling at the Bible House. The Indian problem is being laid upon the hearts of some. Work among them has already been opened in the most northerly Quechua-speaking district in Otavalo, north of Quito. We trust that before long we may have the privilege of giving practical aid to a real earnest effort to give the thickly-inhabited villages of this most northerly Quechua-speaking country the printed Word in their own tongue side by side with the Spanish, which they must learn if they are to assume places of equality with their more favoured fellow-citizens. The effort at evangelisation thereby becomes also a help to the general uplift of the Indian and to his absorption into the national life to which he has more to contribute than many realise. The Bible Society may thus help to make this contribution Christian.

The effort to reach the numerous tribes occupying the vast extent of territory drained by the headwaters of the Amazon in Ecuador, Peru, and

Bolivia, must be made from the west, since access to this region from the high and healthy altitudes of the Andes is much less expensive, more direct, and accompanied by fewer dangers than the long and tedious journey up the Amazon. At any time, the representatives of these tropical forest Indians may be found in the mountain cities of these South American countries where they come shivering in their insufficient clothing to trade herbs, bird skins and other trophies of the tropical jungles for the more substantial food of the mountaineer and the cloth and trinkets of civilisation. Panama is therefore a logical center from which to extend help to the missionaries working in Central and South America in the attempts to put the Word of God into the primitive Indian languages and dialects. It has been our inestimable privilege to come in contact with many of the consecrated workers throughout the countries described in these pages, to visit some of them in their fields of labour, and to discuss with them the problems connected with the evangelisation of their respective districts. It was from Panama that Pizarro and his companions sailed on their voyages of discovery and conquest of the Inca Empire. It is from the Bible House at Cristobal on the Isthmus of Panama that soldiers of the Cross set forth four centuries later to continue their voyages of discovery and conquest of the spiritual darkness of these same regions.

## VII

### CRISTOBAL TO PUNO, PERU

OUR ship is due to leave the dock at Cristobal on the Atlantic end of the Canal at six in the morning. We take our baggage on board the evening before and spend the night at the Bible House.

Arising early, we walk to the wharf and up the deserted gangway about half an hour before sailing time. This is the most pleasant time of the day in the tropics. It is growing daylight, and we go to the upper deck to watch the activities connected with the sailing of the ship and to note the phenomena of dawn. All is quiet until a few minutes before six. Then the pilot is seen coming down to the wharf in an auto and, with that business-like American step which it is so refreshing to see in these lands where everyone saunters, comes up the gangway and takes his place on the bridge. Promptly at four bells, six o'clock, the windlasses begin to turn to wind the ship's cables. The coloured West Indian crew which is to remain on board until the ship has made the transit, comes over the gangway. This is then drawn up; tugs set their machinery in motion and take their places

at the side of the ship; negroes take positions at the hawser posts on the pier; the stewards start cleaning; and we realize that the activities of the day are under way.

The aft hawser is cast off first, the ship swings clear, the propeller revolves, and we begin to reverse, the ship, going out under her own steam, is soon under way. Our attention is now directed to the east where low-lying, silver-edged clouds announce that the sun is already rising. There is a stiff breeze blowing from the Atlantic. Beyond the breakwater we can see a United Fruit boat approaching from Costa Rica, while smoke and a dim outline on the horizon indicate another steamer making this comparatively new but already important port.

The tropical vegetation on the sides of the canal as we approach the locks, the flocks of parakeets and other highly-coloured birds, as well as the beautiful herons, attract the notice of those who are new to the tropics. As we reach the entrances of the first set of locks four electric mules, two on either side, approach. Cables are quickly made fast from the engines to the ship, holding it in the middle of the lock away from the sides. The mules climb the inclines on either side of the locks on cogged tracks and we are thus towed into the first chamber with its massive, damp, cement walls towering above us. Looking aft, we note the marvelous precision with which the immense gates

which, when we entered, were opened back into recesses in the sides, begin to close. Slowly they swing together. When they have closed, the sluices are opened and the water begins to boil up from the bottom in several places along the length of the lock. So rapidly does the enclosure fill that in eight minutes we are lifted to the level of the next lock. The gates ahead then swing open and we are drawn through into the next chamber. The process of closing the gates behind us and filling the lock again takes place and we are raised to the level of the next and then to that of the third and last of the colossal steps.

As the water rushing into this final lock lifts the deck of the ship above the level of the last gates which are to open and let us pass, Lake Gatun bursts into view. The immense dam which forms the lake is seen at the right, as is also the spray rising from the falls of the overflow. The power developed by this fall is used in generating electricity not only for operating the ponderous mechanism of this gigantic enterprise but for lighting the whole Canal Zone and furnishing motive power for many of the industrial activities connected with its operation. A little farther down is the camp of the Tarpon Club. The water of the Chagras river, below the spillway, teems with this king of the finny tribe and other gamy fish to such a degree as to kindle the enthusiasm of all lovers of angling and excite the envy of those who have

not enjoyed the privilege of battle royal with this pride of rod and reel.

Finally, when, by the complete filling of this last lock chamber, we have been raised eighty-five feet above the level from which we started, the last gates swing slowly open; we are towed a little farther; the cables are cast off; the vessel proceeds under her own steam. One never ceases to marvel at the wonderful precision with which everything proceeds in connection with the passing of vessels through the locks of the canal. There is no confusion, bustle, or noise. The forces at work are silent ones. The turning of electric switches in the control tower by persons out of sight releases and directs the power by which all the mighty machinery is moved.

We cross the backbone of the continent on this beautiful artificial body of fresh water studded with islands and surrounded by dense tropical vegetation indicating the fertility of the land on the isthmus. Bird life abounds here; strange animals, the ant bear, the sloth, and the iguana, the latter a bright-coloured, lively, herbivorous, edible lizard that reaches a length of five feet, inhabit the shores of this newly-made lake. If we are fortunate we shall see alligators basking on the banks at the Pacific end of the lake. Adventurous hunters among the canal employees shoot wild hogs, deer, tapir, monkeys, and big boas in the tangled forests upon which we are looking.

At a distance of a few miles in either direction, primitive tribes of Indians inhabit the uncultivated jungle. It is hard to realise the anomaly of the situation. Here on the isthmus it is but a step from the spot where man's dominion over nature is complete to where nature runs riot; and but a short distance from the dwellings of the most highly civilised society, employing the latest instruments of scientific precision, to the most primitive huts occupied by a people whose weapons are the bow and arrow, and who exist upon game, fish, and the fruits and roots of the forest. Within the radius of a few miles we have the contrasts of the dominance of nature by man in the greatest feats known to mechanical, electrical, and sanitary engineering, and the domination of primitive man by nature, and the terror of the genii supposed to inhabit the elements and natural objects by which he is surrounded. The difference lies not so much in the variations of the natural capacities of the races as in the elements of faith and hope instilled into the one through the religion of Jesus Christ, which elevates man and makes him a co-worker with God, and the lack of any such knowledge of God in the other. Who can know and feel this without at the same time feeling a personal responsibility for the degraded condition of these neglected and helpless brethren of the forest?

We were impressed on this journey by the great amount of life seen in the waters on the first part

of the trip and off the coast of Ecuador. Schools of whales and porpoises were seen from time to time as well as great numbers of rays, awkwardly leaping from the water and turning like immense pancakes. Turtles were seen swimming on the surface; and the occasional fin of a shark showing above the calm water reminded one that, inviting as the water looked, a swim would hardly be advisable. One could readily believe the stories told of extraordinary catches in this happy hunting ground of the deep sea fisherman.

The aspect presented by the coast throughout the whole length of Peru is drear and desolate. Although we are in the tropics, the sea air is cold because of the chilly current which sweeps northward from the Antarctic Ocean. Because of the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere by this same cold current, there is no rainfall. For the greater part of the way the barren, desert mountains rise directly from the sea. There is not a sprig of vegetation to be seen; the deep gorges are partially filled with white sand from the ocean, which is driven up the mountain sides by the strong wind. Traveling along the coast of Peru, we are for days in sight of these dreary, repelling, desert walls of rock. The play of colours in the changing light upon the weathered cliffs is frequently very beautiful, but the ever-present consciousness that life on such a shore is impossible, robs the metallic beauty of its attraction. The



only green patches along the coast are the irrigated spots along the courses of the small rivers fed by the melting glaciers of the interior. Even these are hidden from the view of those at sea by the sand dunes between the shore and the river bed.

The fish life had attracted our attention off Ecuador, but it is the abundance of bird life that impresses one along the coast farther south. Morning and evening great flocks of long-necked black birds, flying a short distance above the water in a long-drawn-out line miles in length, give the appearance of an advancing ocean wave. Sluggish swarms of pelicans skim over the water on their way to and from their resting and feeding places. Perhaps one of the most interesting types is a smaller bird that flies in flocks overhead following the schools of fish below. All at once, apparently at a signal from the leader, the whole flock dives into the sea with a splash, a veritable shower of birds. Gulls of various types abound and, in the harbours, the gambols of the seals attract the attention of the passengers.

This great abundance of bird life constitutes one of the sources of wealth of Peru. Because of the absence of rain, the droppings of these birds are preserved indefinitely on the islands which they choose as roosting and nesting places. The birds are protected by law, and Peruvian "guano" has become a household word with the American and European farmer. In fact, it was largely the use

of this "guano," learned from the Incas, that accustomed Europe and America to the use of artificial fertilisers and created the present demand, causing the supply of them to become one of the great matters of international concern.

Confusion is the first impression of Callao, Peru, the seaport for the capital, Lima, which is but seven miles away, and connected with its seaport by both steam and trolley as well as by a disreputable automobile road. Our vessel does not dock but anchors at sea a mile or so from the customs wharf. While doctor and port officials come aboard, there gathers around the gangway, at just a little distance from the ship, a large number of launches carrying hotel runners and baggage men, each of the latter with a number on his cap. As soon as the quarantine flag is lowered, there is a rush on the part of all of these boats, each trying to reach the gangway first. Then comes a scramble. The men on the more distant boats jump on to those which are nearer the gangway. Clothing is torn, and hats are lost in the mad rush to reach the deck. Those that cannot reach the steps catch hold of the railing and pull themselves up along the outside. Once this rushing, vociferating mob has arrived on board, however, the whole attitude of each individual completely changes. They become all smiles and courtesies as they circulate among the passengers, showing their cards and offering their services.

Keep your stateroom locked, however, and look well to your pocket-book, for some of the most clever thievery in the western world is accomplished along this coast. Nevertheless, it is fairly safe to give one's luggage to any of the regular, licensed carriers with a number on his hat.

From the number of ticket venders in the streets, and from their insistence that you purchase a particular ticket and thereby secure an easy fortune, one would say that the lottery was the biggest thing in Lima. In order that you may tempt luck in all its forms, men and women, young and old, boys and girls, unfortunate and prosperous, crippled and well-formed, ragged and richly-dressed, idiotic and intelligent, accost you at every turn, follow you along the street, one on each side and another in front, meet you at the hotel door, and thrust their dirty tickets before you at the restaurant tables. Each assures you that he alone has the lucky number which will secure you a fortune at the next weekly drawing. Mr. A. T. Vasquez, of Lima, remarked, the day of my arrival, that one-third of the people were selling lottery tickets and the other two-thirds scanning the newspapers to discover if they had drawn a prize.

This prominence of the lottery is an indication of the spirit with which the people in this section of the world too often face the problems of life. The Spanish destroyers of the Indian civilisations and their immediate successors secured their ill-

gotten wealth too easily, and the fever seems to have permeated the blood. There is altogether too common a tendency to look upon wealth or upon any prominent position secured in life as having been attained purely by chance. In speaking of wealth acquired or of a good position secured, the most universal tendency is to speak of the person as being lucky. One almost never hears reference to good fortune as being acquired by hard work and perseverance. Toil for the reward of attaining a goal is unthought of. That labour can be its own reward does not enter the imagination. For one of any social standing to work with the hands is unthinkable. These ideas have tended to create the class of parasites of which South American writers complain so bitterly.

Lima, long the most important city in the Western Hemisphere, is well laid out and in many respects a beautiful city. It contains many palatial dwellings built in the old Spanish style; boasts the oldest university in the New World, a public library, a zoological garden, a museum, a cathedral on the main plaza in which are exhibited the bones of Pizarro in a glass case, several well-paved streets, and many other features of interest. These, however, do not attract us at this time. We wish to penetrate the Latin veneer of Peru and learn more about the Indian upon whose industry the parasitic urban population exists, his language, his needs, and the conditions under which he lives.

During my stay in Lima I succeeded in finding some elementary grammars and vocabularies of the Indian dialects so that I was able to begin a study of the Quechua, the most widely spoken language of the Upper Andean region.

From Callao, we took boat to Mollendo, another port in Peru from which there is railway communication with the elevated valleys and tableland of the interior where the Inca civilisation reached the acme of its power and influence. Bolivia is also reached from this port via Lake Titicaca by boat and rail to La Paz, the capital of that country, the most thoroughly Indian of all Indian America.

There are but two trains a week to the town of Puno on Lake Titicaca with a stop-over in the city of Arequipa. In Peru trains run only in the day time. For the first few miles out of Mollendo the railroad runs along the seashore, then turns abruptly to begin the mountain climb. About half way up the first range of mountains we reach a zone on which clouds and fog hang for a part of the year. While no rain falls here, the soil absorbs sufficient moisture from the heavy fog during this season to support a scanty vegetation. In this zone I was surprised at the abundance of wild flowers, mostly of a reddish-yellow variety. On and up we go, past the clouds and over the top of the first mountain range onto a wide desert plain on which absolutely nothing grows except on the

irrigated spot near the railway station at which we stop for water.

The next hour or so of the journey is across this dry, dusty plain, overspread with the famous crescent-shaped sand dunes which look like immense low-lying haycocks covering the surface as far as eye can reach. This crossed, we again begin to rise and climb up, up, up, around, between, and over piles of rock until the summit of the second range is reached, and we begin a gradual descent of the rugged, barren mountain wall. Suddenly, away below, in the bottom of a deep gorge at our left, appears a narrow band of green, the cultivated sides of the river, the waters of which are the cause of the fertility of the valley of Arequipa. The rest of the day the way is along the sides of this mountain gorge, dry and desert everywhere, except at the bottom where the width of green ranges anywhere from a few yards to as many rods. The rainlessness of the section through which we are passing is indicated not only by the barrenness of the rocks of which the mountains are composed, but by the fact that the roofs of the houses, as well as the sides, are plastered with mud.

At the stations, women bring for sale baskets of the most delicious figs I have ever tasted. We notice, as we pass cultivated patches, that the fig trees, being more hardy than the other plants, occupy the extreme outer edge of the irrigated

space. Like the olive of Palestine, the fig gathers sweetness from the rock.

Arequipa is not an Indian city, that is, its inhabitants are Latinised. Spanish is the language of all, and one sees very few Indians in their native costume on the streets. From this point on, however, we enter Indian America again.

I had been surprised when told that the business activity in Arequipa was due to its being an agricultural center. The territory through which we pass to reach the city is arid and barren, and the extent of the narrow valley was not sufficient to produce the business life of so large a population. Soon after leaving the city, however, on our ascent of the last range of mountains before reaching the central plateau, we enter the so-called agricultural country and see the source of the hides and wool, the manufacture of which into woolen and leather goods furnishes employment for so many in the city below. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, llamas, and alpacas are to be seen grazing on the dry-looking wiry grass, the presence of which indicates a certain amount of regular rainfall. The railroad is built up the side of the volcano on a roadbed cut through volcanic ash and breccia. The slopes of the mountains we are now climbing constitute an extensive grazing country. Here large flocks are tended by Indian shepherds and shepherdesses who spend all their time in the open with the animals.

There is not much wild animal or bird life, but occasionally small herds of the fleet vicuña are seen scudding over the mountain sides away from the passing train. There are no forests. The mountains of the Upper Andes are bare of trees. The people are dependent for fuel upon the dried droppings of the flock and upon a small shrub called "*tola*." In the higher altitudes where even the "*tola*" will not grow, a species of resinous moss called "*yareta*," found in thick, dense bunches that the inhabitants say take one hundred years to grow, is the fuel used for cooking.

The change in the character of the vegetation as one climbs the Andes is very noticeable. At the altitude of Arequipa, corn, figs, sugar cane, and many other semi-tropical products grow luxuriantly. One soon leaves the corn region below and finds wheat thriving, while a little higher it is too cold for wheat, and barley becomes the cereal crop. Higher still, neither wheat nor barley can be grown, and potatoes are practically the only crop. Even potatoes will not grow in the higher altitudes where are found only the slow-growing moss and a short, wiry grass which forms pasture for sheep and llama almost up to the snow line.

As in the case of a sea voyage some passenger is almost sure to be seasick, so, on a train climbing the mountains of South America, some one is almost sure to have the mountain sickness. While people are differently affected, this sickness usually



begins with a maddening headache. I have seen strong men lose consciousness. Others have severe attacks of vomiting. Some do not suffer much inconvenience on changing rapidly from a lower to a higher altitude. Others do not care to make the trip in one day, but stay over a day or two at some point, half way up, in order to accustom themselves gradually to the change. Since the inconvenience is caused by partial asphyxiation due to the lack of oxygen in the air, those who are subject to it can sometimes avoid an attack by constant deep breathing during the ascent, thereby keeping the blood well oxygenated.

One notes the primitive industries which the Indian shepherds carry on while tending their flocks. They are seen at the sides of the streams washing small lots of wool which they spread out on the stones to dry. They then pull it out into a fluffy mass which they carry around with them, converting it, as they journey, into strong yarn by means of a primitive spindle which hangs suspended by the fibers of the wool itself. The wool is fed to it from the fluffy bundle under the arm and the spindle kept in motion by an occasional twirl. A woven sling is a constant accompaniment of every shepherd, man, woman, boy, or girl. The slings are used to keep the flocks together by throwing stones ahead of, or at, any straying animal. Many shepherdesses are seen carrying bundles on their backs in a brightly-coloured cloth

suspended around the neck by tying the corners together. Within this bundle is invariably hidden the youngest member of the shepherd family, whose face is frequently seen peering out of the folds of the woolen wrap by which he is suspended.

A constant climb of several hours from Arequipa brings us to the summit. The highest point reached on this journey is between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above sea level. The cold, piercing, rarefied atmosphere of the summit becomes more endurable as we descend to the drab, bleak, cheerless, treeless plain over which flocks of sheep, llamas, and alpacas are roaming and feeding on the dry grass. They are tended by Indians who live in small one-roomed, grass-covered adobe huts, in the vicinity of each of which is the mud-walled enclosure for the flocks. The scene is dreary, monotonous, and desolate.

Puno, the railway terminal on Lake Titicaca in South-Central Peru, is the capital of the Department of the same name, which includes the Peruvian section of the Lake Titicaca basin. The city is inhabited by both Aymará and Quechua speaking Indians. The Aymarás were the only race brought under the Inca rule who were allowed to retain their own language. Quechua is the language spoken by all other Indians of the central Andean region from Quito, Ecuador, to Bolivia and the borders of Argentine and Chile. This

being the language of the Incas was imposed on all tribes assimilated by them.

Before the train stopped at Puno, our car was boarded by a crowd of Aymará Indian boys and men, vociferating, pushing, crowding one another and everybody else as they forced their way through the aisle in their struggle to be the first to improve the opportunity to earn a few cents by carrying our hand baggage.

In spite of their picturesqueness as seen from the train, guarding their flocks or driving their trains of llamas, the women, bulkily-skirted, carrying their gaudy bundles and the men in their highly-coloured ponchos, it would be hard to imagine a more repulsive lot than these Highland Indians. With faces disfigured by the pouch formed in the cheek by the constant presence of the large quid of coca leaves, lips and corners of the mouth filthy with green saliva, eyes dull, expression apathetic, bodies that are never bathed clothed in rags that are never washed, they would be repulsive in the extreme without taking into account the odours emitted from their bodies and liquor-laden breaths. Passengers are obliged to push their way out of the car and down the steps through this repellent crowd which the Railroad Company apparently makes no effort to restrain or organise in the interests of the traveling public. I was in no hurry and remained in my seat, but it resulted only in causing a number of boys to stand

near, blocking the way for those who were trying to leave the car. When I found that there was practically no choice in point of cleanliness between the different members of the crowd clamouring for my baggage, I delivered my grips to one of the foremost who immediately tied them together with a rawhide rope and placed them on his back in contact with his vile clothing.

As soon as I began to walk, I found that I was being threatened with an attack of mountain sickness which I had hoped to avoid by deep breathing. The fact is, I had become so interested in conversation with my fellow-passengers that I had not been very faithful in employing the preventive. I found it best to walk very moderately on the way to the Mission home with Mr. H. M. Colburn, of the Lake Titicaca Mission, who had kindly met me at the station. Mrs. Field, the missionary mother, who has three children on this field at work among the Indians, had supper ready for us. The first taste of food, however, revealed the fact that my stomach was in no condition to retain it, and I begged permission to leave the table and lie on the sofa. I was able thus to join in the conversation.

A clean, intelligent-looking, pleasant-faced Indian girl convert was waiting on the table and doing the work of the house. Her smile was the first I had seen on the face of an Indian in Peru. During the evening, some Indian converts who were passing through the town came in to see the

missionaries. The difference between these callers and the Indians seen at the station was very striking. These were clean, stalwart, bright-looking men. The difference in their appearance was due to the fact that they had given up the use of drink and coca, and had begun to cultivate habits of cleanliness. Contact with the mission had made such a change that it was hard to realise that these men belonged to the same race as the repulsive beings met at the station.

It was easy to understand the enthusiasm of the young missionaries who are cheerfully enduring the privation, isolation and discomforts of life in this altitude. Results such as these constitute the "hundred fold in this life." I eagerly accepted the invitation to visit Platería, the first station established by the Mission.

## VIII

### THE HIGHLANDS OF SOUTHERN PERU

**L**AKE TITICACA, between Peru and Bolivia, is the highest body of navigable water in the world, its surface being 12,500 feet above the level of the sea and but 500 feet below the average level of the irregular plateau upon which it lies. One hundred and thirty miles long by thirty wide, measuring seven hundred feet at its greatest depth, flooding many shallow indentations among the surrounding hills, it is dotted with picturesque islands upon which as well as upon its southern shore are prehistoric ruins of whose builders not even a tradition remains.

While not teeming with life, as does Lake Texcoco of Mexico, the lake is frequented by multitudes of swimming and wading birds. One sees flocks of beautiful long-legged flamingos, curved-beaked ibises, herons, and cranes among the waders. Of the swimmers, ducks, grebes, gulls, and some geese are seen. A few hours' hunt with a twenty-two caliber rifle secured a very good bag of various bird specimens which I sent to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Owing to defective preparation, however,

they did not arrive in good shape and could not be mounted. Many of these birds nest upon the islands of floating weeds in the shallow inlets and marshes. The gathering of the eggs as well as the catching of a species of small fish inhabiting the water furnish a supplementary occupation and means of existence to the hard-pressed Indian population. Upon the shores of the lake are pastured llamas, and flocks of very inferior sheep, while a degenerated race of cattle feed upon the reeds growing in the shallow parts. The cattle wade in up to their sides and, putting their heads under the cold water, seize the soft, tender part of the reed and pull and bite it off, then, with raised head, chew and swallow the delicate morsel. I am told that cattle and sheep deteriorate very quickly at this altitude, whether from the effects of the rarefied atmosphere, the constant cold, the lack of proper nourishment, or as a result of all three, none of my informants seemed to know.

A notable feature of the lake is the peculiar reed called "*titora*" that grows upon its bottom in all shallow places. Among its many uses it is eaten by the dwarfed cattle; the lower white portion is used as food by the Indians themselves. Dried, it is used in the manufacture of rude mats and partitions. Finally, long bundles of it are so tied together as to form the light boat or raft on which the Indians have from time immemorial navigated the lake, and which is unlike anything found else-

where. Even the sails of this singular craft are made from this useful reed.

A most primitive kind of agriculture is pursued by the inhabitants of the terraced hills and enclosed plains of interior Peru. The ground is broken with a short-handled, heavy hoe, or, if oxen are used, with a primitive wooden plow. The hard clods are then broken up with a long-handled hammer made by tying a stone onto the end of a stick. Grain is beaten from the straw with sticks, then tossed into the air to allow the wind to blow away the chaff.

The Indians throughout this elevated region are forced to a standard of living little above the animals they tend. Exhausted from the labours of the day, the Indian throws himself upon the mud floor of his hut where he passes the night with no other cover than the poncho which has served to protect him during the day. I was inclined to be skeptical when a fellow-traveler, a mining engineer, told me that he had frequently come across huts so small that there was not room enough for the many occupants to lie down on the floor, and that they passed the night in a crouching position, huddled together like a lot of sheep. My skepticism vanished, however, when, after telling a missionary nurse of this statement, she said:

"Oh, yes. It is perfectly true. I was called a short time ago to a confinement case where there were thirteen persons in the one-roomed hut with



the sick woman. I immediately ordered them all out of doors. Later, I found it was raining and that they were standing against the sides of the hut under the eaves trying to keep dry. I allowed them to return and stretched a sheet across a corner of the room to secure what privacy I could for the woman and thus attended to her, with the other thirteen persons present."

The climate of the tableland, except in sheltered areas, is too cold for wheat, and the principal crops are barley and potatoes. The cereal diet is parched barley. Besides barley and potatoes and grass for pastures of the llamas, alpacas, and sheep, the soil produces a small seed called "*quinua*" and a certain oxalis bulb that is prepared in the same way as the potato.

The potatoes are preserved in a manner peculiar, I think, to Peru and Bolivia. After being dug, they are left exposed to the cold, frosty air of the night and allowed to freeze solid. The following day when the heat of the sun has thawed them out, leaving each potato a soft mass, the Indians tread on them, pressing out the water with their feet. They are then left exposed to the sun until perfectly dry. This leaves the potato a light ball of starch which can be preserved indefinitely. This dried potato or "*chuno*," as it is called, then becomes an article of commerce very easy of transportation on the backs of llamas. It is prepared for food by being beaten in a mortar into small

pieces, soaked over night in water, and afterwards boiled.

Deep, cold, and cheerless, reflecting treeless, snow-clad mountains upon the limpid surface, the waters of the overflow of Lake Titicaca irrigate no fertile plains but stagnate and evaporate in the salt marshes of southern Bolivia. The fate of this disappearing inland sea is typical of that of the sad, taciturn, depressed Indian race vegetating upon its borders in misery, hopelessness, and vice. A new element has, however, been recently introduced into the Indian life of the Department of Puno. An American couple, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stahl, decided to devote themselves to service among the Indians of this inhospitable region and led in the founding of the Lake Titicaca Mission of the Seventh Day Adventists. This mission, which is succeeding beyond the dreams of its founders and friends, bids fair to revolutionise the Lake District. These missionaries seem to have found the key to the problem of winning the Indian's confidence and faith and stirring up his enthusiasm and ambition, qualities he had been supposed to lack entirely.

On my first trip to Lima, a Peruvian doctor had boarded the ship at Salaverry and on learning that, as representative of the American Bible Society, it was part of my business to visit the Protestant Mission stations, had said:

"The Protestants are doing a great deal of good

work among the Indians in the Puno district. Their good work helped us to secure religious liberty in Peru."

He did not think we were likely to do much among the white people, but the "Protestants are making men out of the Indians." I had heard much of this missionary work in the Lake Titicaca region, and was therefore very glad of this opportunity to see for myself the methods that had been employed with such good results by the Adventist missionaries. Started twelve years ago by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stahl, the mission has had a steady and rapid growth until now, 1923, they have a church membership of over 5,000, seventy-eight day schools with 3,700 pupils in attendance, taught by nearly one hundred native teachers, under the supervision of American missionaries.

I found the missionaries, all young married couples, enduring cheerfully all manner of hardships. Not only are they exposed to the diseases of filth, typhoid, typhus, and smallpox, as well as various skin diseases to which the Indians are subject, but the climate is always too cold for comfort. Houses are of mud, and not heated. In places, the only available fuel is the dung of the llama gathered by the shepherds. The piercing cold air chaps the hands, peels the face, and keeps the lips constantly cracked and bleeding. Living at these altitudes not only puts an extra strain upon the heart but affects unfavourably the whole nervous system.

These young people were, however, enthusiastic over their work, because of the success they were having in changing the lives and outlook of their beloved Indians. In company with Mr. H. M. Colburn I visited Platería, where the mission summer school for teachers was in session. There I saw seventy-six young men and six young Indian women in a large, unfinished church building of adobe that they had helped to complete since arriving at Platería for the school session, studying to become better fitted to teach their own people. There having been delay in getting the building ready, these teachers and prospective teachers had cheerfully carried bricks to complete the walls, and put on the zinc roof with their own hands in order to have the building ready for this summer school. The rainy season had commenced when I arrived. The mud floor was damp. Doors and windows were wanting. The American missionaries sat in their overcoats and wraps. The students were gathered around tables and seated on backless benches. It would be hard to imagine a normal school working under less favourable conditions. I spoke to them three times with my overcoat on, and this was their summer.

The date of my first visit was December 24th and 25th, Christmas, 1921. Saturday, the 24th, was given to religious services for the community, and to the Bible school. Sunday there was no school session, and students could be seen, singly and in



QUECHUA AND AYMARA INDIANS APPEALING TO  
SUPT. WILCOX OF ADVENTIST MISSION TO ES-  
TABLISH SCHOOLS IN THEIR VILLAGES.

CHRISTIAN PUPILS AND TEACHERS CELEBRATING  
INDEPENDENCE DAY, PLATERÍA, PERU.



groups, sitting on the sunny side of buildings, rocks, and slopes, struggling with the intricacies of Spanish grammar, a language foreign to them, grappling with problems in arithmetic or studying a geography, history, or Bible lesson. There was a greater percentage of these students applying themselves to their work than would be found during a holiday in any school of the home land.

Platería is a twenty-mile horseback ride from Puno and is a purely Indian community. On the way out, I had noticed the affection with which many whom we met saluted Mr. Colburn as "Brother." Arriving in the neighbourhood of the Mission station, it was easy to see the influence of the mission upon the lives and homes of the people. There were attempts at cleanliness not to be seen elsewhere. Even windows were to be seen in some of the huts. Light having come into the lives of the people, they wanted it in their homes also.

It did one's heart good to see the cheerful, earnest aspect of these young Indian students. There is not another such group in all America south of Mexico. Their presence was abundant proof that when an Indian has something to live for, his enthusiasm can be aroused. Not only are these young people teachers; they are lay evangelists and colporteurs as well. During my visit at this summer school they promised to take back to their homes and sell more than 10,000 Gospels and 1,000 Bibles during the coming year, and they more than

fulfilled their promise. They took great pride in telling me of the success of the work of the Gospel in the Lake Titicaca region during the year. At that time, the missionaries told me they thought that the number of baptisms would reach 1,000. When reports finally came in, it was found that more than 1,200 had been baptised and received into the church during the year.

Every Indian convert gives up the use of "*chicha*," an intoxicating drink manufactured locally; the chewing of "*coca*" leaves, and none of them use tobacco. When the deadening effects of the coca habit have disappeared, the countenance of the Indian is no longer dull and apathetic. He becomes intelligent and alert, and there is a tendency to clean up body, clothing, and home; also a desire to learn to read and make something of themselves.

The method of procedure of the Adventist missionaries has been as follows: a desirable location, from which many Indians can be reached, is secured. The missionary and wife locating there at once begin treatment of the sick, followed by preaching and teaching. A school is soon opened at the station. As the work spreads, other centers want schools, and out-stations are established in charge of native teachers. So great is the demand for schools that frequently the teachers are but boys in the primary grades. They are able, however, to teach what they have learned to those who



know nothing at all of letters. It is significant of the rapidity with which the work is spreading and of the way in which available teaching material is pressed into service, that the mission made it a rule last year not to send out any more young men as teachers who had not themselves passed the fourth grade!

The missionary in charge of the central station visits the out-stations regularly for clinical work at the dispensaries and to supervise the work being done by the native teachers, as well as for preaching and organising. The best scholars from the out-stations are brought to the central school where the missionaries live. Here they live upon food brought to them by their parents and sleep on the floor of the hut of some friend while studying under the more direct supervision of the missionary. The brightest of these selected pupils, if they show any aptitude for teaching, are sent to the Normal School at Juliaca. The attendance at the summer normal is compulsory for all who are attempting to teach. Thus, each year the workers go out better qualified for their tasks than they had been the preceding year.

Not only do the missionaries help the sick, look after the schools, and preach, but they frequently protect the Indians against the injustices that the landlords attempt to perpetrate upon them in depriving them of their lands and animals and forcing them to perform illegal services. There have

been cases where they have appealed, over the heads of the local authorities, directly to the President, insisting upon respect for the laws protecting the Indian. They also help them to settle quarrels among themselves without going to law. Hence, while the parasitic landlords, priests, and lawyers hate the missionary for the protection he gives the Indians, the latter look upon him as their best friend.

News of these sympathetic white people who love and help the Indians has spread through all the region, and now the missionaries are constantly receiving petitions from distant villages and communities, asking that they come and establish schools. During the past year, one hundred and seventy such applications for teachers were turned down because of lack of workers. The mission is teaching self-help and now requires the applicants to build a schoolhouse and to promise help towards the support of a teacher before it will consider opening a school.

A short time ago some representative Indians came a distance of seven days' journey, laid 120 soles, about \$40.00 gold, on the missionaries' desk, and said they wanted a teacher. The money was sufficient to pay six month's salary. They were told that there was no one ready who was fit to teach, but that if they would return home and put up a school building, the mission would try to have a boy ready to send them. They left the money

with the missionary and returned home. Before long they came back, accompanied by others, saying: "Now we are ready. We have built three school-houses. We want three teachers"!!!

An Indian chief came from a long distance to Platería, asking for a teacher to take to his people and promising to support him. Upon being told that there was no one who could go, he refused to return home. He said that he had promised his people to bring them a teacher and that he could not go back to them and say he had failed. He waited in the place ten days, refusing to take "No" for an answer. Finally the missionary went into the school and asked for a volunteer to go and help this man's people learn to read. A boy from the fourth grade volunteered, was sent, and is doing well.

It seems to me that the Adventists are using the logical and Scriptural method of approach. Preaching, unless it carries with it sympathetic help for the body as well, cannot be expected to accomplish much among this needy people. "Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Every mission to the Indians should have three lines of activity, three legs as it were to stand on, the missionary tripod composed of healing, teaching, preaching. This was the method of the Master; and is the method of ap-

proach being used so successfully in reaching the hearts of the Indians in the Lake Titicaca region. For many reasons agricultural and industrial teaching should, however, go hand in hand with teaching to read. This industrial education, I am told, will henceforth be given in the new Normal school now being completed at Juliaca, Peru.

During the year 1921, some young American missionaries, Messrs. Paul Cragin and W. F. Barker, located with their families in Yungay, Peru. They were thoroughly in earnest and enthusiastic; but had confined their efforts to preaching only. As I was leaving Peru I met Mr. Barker and family in Callao. They had been driven out of Yungay by a mob of Indians, led by Franciscan friars. The rains were late in coming, the friars told the Indians that the drought was due to the presence of the Protestants, and that they must be driven out before they could expect God's blessing upon their crops.

One of these friars, Leonardo García, published a leaflet inserted in "El Comercio" of Lima, the 5th of December, 1921, justifying their action. He writes:

"We did not ask and secure the expulsion of the Protestants because of their ideas, but because, by reason of their public preaching in the plaza and in the streets, they were a menace to the integrity of the Catholic religion and purity of customs; because they come to upset public order, sowing

tares and division in the villages; because their public preaching will deprive the Indian of his religion and, with it, the fear of God and respect which he has for the priests, the only things which restrain his indomitable passions and native hatred for the white man."

The missionaries had been labouring with some success. There had been a few genuine conversions. They had not, however, done any medical or educational work whatever; therefore had not established themselves in the hearts of the Indians by creating a point of contact and supplying a felt and recognised need; hence the friars were able to work upon the superstitions of the people and arouse the mob. In the field where the Adventists are working, they have so found their way into the heart of the Indian by their interest in his temporal welfare that their influence among them exceeds that of the Roman clergy. The latter have never done anything of an uplifting nature for the Indians during the centuries of contact.

Learning the experiences of Brothers Barker and Cragin from the mouth of Mr. Barker confirmed my conviction that the Gospel must be preached to the Indian through the love of Christ expressing itself in activities for his welfare, as well as in preaching the Gospel by word of mouth. In the case of the Indian, after his cruel experiences with the white man, actions speak louder than words.

## IX

### BEAUTIFUL LA PAZ

**T**HE position of Bolivia in South America may in some respects be compared to that of Switzerland in Europe. It is a landlocked country having no seaport, and it contains the highest mountains of the lofty range that traverses the Western Continent. Here, however, the likeness ends. Switzerland is small, while sparsely-populated Bolivia embraces a vast undeveloped domain in the tropical Amazon valley—eighty-four percent of the population of Bolivia, however, dwell in this mountainous region. Whereas the people of Switzerland are self-governing, alert, and progressive Europeans, but twelve percent of the population of Bolivia are white. More than fifty percent of the rest are pure Indian, mentally dull, apathetic, and non-progressive, and the remaining mixed race speak the Indian languages in preference to Spanish. The enslaved, landless condition of the native element coupled with ignorance and the vices of drink and coca chewing are the causes of this stagnation here, as in Peru and elsewhere in Indian America.

The night boat from Puno, Peru, arrives at the

Bolivian port of Guaqui at about ten the following morning. La Paz is but a few hours' run from Guaqui, and is reached on the afternoon of the same day. I was fortunate in having as traveling companion on this journey Professor E. C. Phillips, of Lakeman, Mo., a member of the American Educational Mission to Peru. We rose before daylight in order to witness one of the grandest sights in the two Americas—sunrise on Lake Titicaca, in full view of the eighty or more unbroken miles of snow-capped peaks of the Cordillera Real, the loftiest portion of the Western World.

It was hard to realise that we were within the tropics. In spite of overcoats and gloves the piercing, cold wind made us seek the protection of the smokestack. We were amply rewarded, however, when with the morning light these magnificent mountains burst into view. The highest peaks are at each end of the galaxy of snow caps, Sorata at the north and Illimani at the south. At about mid-day we left the port of Guaqui by train, but throughout the day we were in sight of the Cordillera and never tired looking at those imposing piles of eternal snow lying between the northern and southern sentinels.

The railroad from the lake to the capital passes the dreary hamlet of Tiahuanaco which lies among megalithic ruins of pre-Inca structure. Recent excavations seem to furnish abundant proof that Tiahuanaco was at one time the center of a

wealthy, populous kingdom. As one passes through the dismal tableland on which the ruins are located and notes that the crops, today, consist of a dwarf-strawed barley and a small potato which are cultivated on the plain and in small terraced patches on the surrounding hills and mountains; that the pasture for the sheep and llamas and scrawny cattle consists of a sparse, slow-growing, wiry grass; that the whole region is absolutely treeless, except where some enterprising landowner has set out a few eucalyptus trees in the neighbourhood of the central building, one wonders how a dense population could possibly have subsisted in such a bleak and inhospitable climate. One is inclined to accept the theory advanced by Sir Edwin Markham and others that the climate in the vicinity of Tiahuanaco has greatly changed since the time of its prosperity, and that the change was possibly brought about by the slow elevation of the region to its present altitude of two and a half miles above sea level. At this place, little boys board the train selling miniature carvings of the monoliths found among the ruins. Soon after leaving Tiahuanaco, pack trains of loaded llamas indicate our approach to the inland metropolis and capital, referred to sometimes as the "city in a kettle."

First impressions of La Paz are difficult to record because of the peculiar nature of the sensations aroused both by the strange, grotesque,



and fascinating local geographic setting and the unique, bizarre, fantastic character of the population filling its streets and market places. We have been hastening towards the highest peak of the Cordillera Real. The outlines of the mountain gorges are becoming clearer when, without warning, we drop over the edge of a cañon-like valley and find ourselves winding in and out among capped pillars of loosely-cemented, rapidly-disintegrating conglomerate that fancy describes as towers, monuments, skyscrapers, and cathedral spires, while the spaces between them are streets, alleys, and elevator shafts. In places, a roof protects the track from the stones falling from the crumbling perpendicular masses that are composed of rounded cobble-stone, pebbles, and gravel, showing that they have been carved from what was once the bottom of a body of water. Geologically speaking, the valley is young. The instability of its sides is evidenced by the wooden sluices on each side of the railroad track to prevent washing out of the road bed during the rains. Sluices also carry the water quite a distance away from the track to prevent as much as possible the erosion of the sides of the valley near the road bed.

Suddenly the red tiles and white walls of the buildings of the city, in their setting of green of the eucalyptus trees in parks and gardens, burst into view a thousand feet below. The beauty is enhanced by the barrenness of the rocky sides of

the enclosing valley and the progressive fading of the modern architecture of the business portion of the city into the most primitive residences of the Indians, consisting of one-roomed, thatched huts.

In many places within the city of La Paz itself, are evidences of the instability of the soil upon which it rests. The streets are paved with the rounded cobble-stone of which the sides of the valley are so largely composed. If, during the rains, any of the stones in the pavement of the sloping streets become displaced, the water from the first heavy shower running through the street is more than likely to cut out a gulley which may in a very short time reach serious proportions and endanger the nearby buildings. People owning houses with yards or vacant lots connected, must keep these yards and lots paved, and renew break-ages just before the rains for protection against the destructive effect of the downward rushing water in its determination to carry everything before it. Persons have invested in a building lot in La Paz and begun construction, only to have the rains come unexpectedly and undermine the foundations, carrying away both lot and building because of the defective condition of the protecting cover.

Not far from La Paz is a river of mud which, though comparatively stable during the dry season, starts on its long journey seaward as soon as the

rains begin. Everywhere in the vicinity of the city, one feels that he is witnessing geography in the making. The contour causes one to wonder why a spot where foundations are so unstable should have been chosen as the site of the principal city of the country. After experiencing the cold, raw winds of the tablelands at a thousand feet higher altitude, one realises, however, that much in the way of comfort has been gained in the decreased elevation. Protection from the piercing winds, and warmth from radiation from the sides of the sunny valley are some compensation for the instability of the crumbling surface.

The chief interest of La Paz, however, does not by any means lie in its physical contour, but in the mass of humanity here congregated. La Paz is par excellence, the city of contrasts. There is the contrast of the modern office building for the conduct of business, with the stall of the Indian woman merchant selling her primitive wares. The contrast of the hotel restaurant conducted on the European plan, with the market stall where fat "chola" women sell boiled "Chuño," (dried potatoes), parched barley, and hulled corn to Indians who, receiving the food in a corner of the poncho, or in the folds of another piece of cloth, eat it as they continue their journey or go about their business. Frequently the food is received in the home-made felt hat which is then carried in the hand until the frugal repast is completed. In dress, the

contrast is between the latest styles of Paris and the Indian costumes worn from time immemorial. The primped and manicured belle of the white population takes the same street car with the Indian woman who will sit by the roadside to rest in the suburbs of the city while she picks and eats the lice from the head of the child accompanying her.

There is nothing to be met with anywhere comparable to La Paz on market and feast days. There is one principal market and two or three other places as well that are set aside for the sale of country products. These are filled to overflowing and the sidewalks of the streets within a few blocks of the market places are given up entirely to Indian women who, squatting with their backs to the wall, spread their wares upon the edge of the street and on the sidewalk in front of them. The streets themselves are packed with passersby and would-be purchasers. Troops of llamas that have come from the higher altitudes bringing the "taquia" that is so largely used for fuel, or the dried potato which, because of its light weight, is a convenient article of commerce, add picturesqueness to the scene. Trains of mules and donkeys, as well as hundreds of heavily-burdened Indians, both men and women, bring the fruits of the lower altitudes.

The products offered for sale in this primitive way rival in strangeness and variety any market I have ever visited: barley, quinoa, fresh and dried

meats, cooked and dried chickens, water-fowl and guinea pig, chuño, oca (dried oxalis bulbs); potatoes black, red, yellow, and white from the tableland; apples, pears, wheat, and corn, peaches, apricots, strawberries, and figs from the temperate valleys; besides bananas, oranges, pineapples, limes, and custard apples from the tropic lowlands. Vegetables and flowers in great variety, besides an infinity of articles of native manufacture, line both sides of the streets to tempt the would-be purchaser.

The novelty of the activity of the streets is increased by the maze of colours in which the participants are clothed. Striped ponchos are the rule. All the colours of the rainbow are present, besides many not recorded in the list assigned to that venerable institution. As if to counteract the ever-present chilliness of the atmosphere and the dreary drab of the plain, warm and bright colours are by far the most popular, orange predominating, with a strong intermingling of reds, purples, and browns. The colouring is not monopolised by the men, however, in the gaudy stripes of their ponchos. The skirts of many of the women exhibit the same high colouring, with the difference that each skirt is of a solid colour. Many are, however, worn at a time, each one hung a little higher than the one underneath it, allowing the lower to show below in a ring of different colour. One woman will have on at the same time skirts of

red, orange, yellow, blue, and purple of different shades. As these skirts are all made of heavy homespun material, the combined weight is enormous. A lady told me that the skirts worn by her girl at work in the kitchen weighed between twenty-five and thirty pounds. I have no idea what the weight of these multi-coloured skirts would amount to, but should imagine it to be in excess of those worn by the kitchen maid. The most brightly coloured article, however, and the one with which the most pains is taken in weaving and blending of colours, is the "lijlla," the square piece of cloth which is used as a wrap in which to carry the bundle on the back. Nearly every woman coming to market is burdened with such a bundle suspended from the neck by a square knot tied in the corners; and, in the majority of cases, tucked away somewhere in the folds of the bundle or between the articles the woman is bringing to market, is the little Indian baby, the inseparable companion of the mother, carried constantly in this way until he is able to run alone.

On the streets of La Paz are to be seen many Indians from the hot country of the Amazon valley, clad in their peculiar head dress and light ponchos, shivering in the chilly air of this altitude which one would think would be sure to bring them down with grippe and pneumonia. Then there is the peculiar and highly picturesque dress of the women of mixed breed, called "*cholas*,"



BOLIVIAN, AYMARA, INDIAN WOMEN IN CHARAC-  
TERISTIC DRESS OF TABLELAND NEAR LA PAZ.  
INDIAN MOUNTAIN HOME.





with their dainty shawl and high, white-painted, Panama hat, with its black band and distinctive bow. The bulging skirts do not come down too low to show off with satisfactory effect the fancy, French-heeled, high-laced shoes.

There is very little that is modern to be seen on the streets of La Paz during market day. It is as if the sixteenth century had been projected into the twentieth. The sensation of strangeness, peculiarity, and anachronism is intensified by the fact, evident on all sides, that this is not in any sense a Latin community. The language spoken by both Indian and Cholo, and the few white people that one sees conducting business among them, is the Aymará and not Spanish. In fact, if you do not know, at least, the numbers in the Aymará language, the only way in which you can conduct business in this crowded market-place is by the language of signs entirely; or, by getting hold of some native who understands Spanish sufficiently to be able to interpret for you. A single visit to the city of La Paz will convince one that for Bolivia the term Latin America is a misnomer. These people are not Latin in customs, in language, nor in religion.

Every city and village throughout Indian America has its protecting saint or virgin, and the protecting virgin of the city of La Paz is one who, it is said, stopped a landslide, caused by an earthquake, that threatened to engulf a portion of the

city. Every year at the celebration of the festival of this virgin, a general holiday is proclaimed. All places of business are closed. Almost the whole city turns out to visit the chapel situated in a residential suburb in which her image is kept.

All day long and throughout the night, groups of masked Indians clad in grotesque garments and carrying native instruments of music and noise, proceed through the streets in dancing, jumping, wriggling groups, with the crowd making its way to the little chapel where the famous image is kept. There in the midst of other images, among which are those of the sun and moon, decorated with tinsel and surrounded by burning candles, she awaits the coming of the adoring multitude. While the chapel is constantly filled with people on their knees muttering prayers to the image, yet the chief object of the pilgrimage seems to be an excuse for drinking alcohol and rum. The groups on arriving at the chapel, before entering to perform their devotions, squat down in circles outside as near as possible to the building, many of them with their backs against it, and drink rum served by the leader of the party. On coming out they drink again. The visit to the chapel is but an excuse for becoming beastly drunk. The march and dance and music along the way are but an outlet for the exuberance of spirits produced before the liquor accomplishes the final stupefying effect. The orgy is kept up all night, and before morn-

ing the streets are strewn with men, women, and even children in the utter oblivion of complete intoxication.

Shortly after my arrival in Peru, a patriotic Peruvian said to me, speaking of the land-owning class generally :

"We have made a beast of burden of the Indian and do not want him to become anything else. We are jealous of any influences that would tend to make a man of him."

Another gentleman speaking of the attitude of government and church toward the Indians, said :

"We make a business of exploiting his vices. The government makes the liquor and the church furnishes the feasts, the occasions for the Indians to consume it, increasing thereby the revenue of the church and that of the government."

There is probably no place in all the Americas where the exploitation of this particular vice of the Indian stands out more prominently than in the city of La Paz.

In La Paz we see on a large scale that which happens every year in small villages and communities throughout Indian America. In Peru and Bolivia when an Indian has gotten a little ahead financially he will be notified by the priest that he has been honoured by being chosen as the chief or leader of the celebrations of the yearly feast in honour of the protecting saint. This means that his religious duty as the leader of the celebration

is to furnish unlimited quantities of alcohol to the participants. It also means financial ruin to the person chosen, and frequently puts him so deeply in debt that he is years in getting square with the world again. The system could not be better adapted to keeping the Indian in a condition of absolute servitude to the land-owner. If by strict economy and attention to business the poor fellow gets any money ahead, the landlord will take it from him unjustly and forcibly, the priest will get it for masses, burials, baptisms, marriages, and feasts, or the government will get it for rum.

Until recently missionary effort in La Paz had not been directed to the Indian. In 1907, at the urgent request and with the financial assistance of the Bolivian Government, the M. E. Mission Board established a school, the American Institute of La Paz, which includes all the grades from kindergarten to college entrance. Another school was started in Cochabamba by the same Society. Through the boarding department, these schools have received students from all over the country. I met one boy who had come seven days' journey on mule back to the railroad station where he could take the train for La Paz in order to attend the American school.

Government support was discontinued because of the depletion of the Bolivian treasury, but the schools have continued as a purely mission enterprise and have acquired a remarkable prestige and

influence throughout Bolivia. I found no educated Bolivian who did not know of them, and no one who did not speak of them in terms of highest respect. What these institutions have meant in terms of Christian influence and character formation to the hundreds of young men and women of the well-to-do class who have passed under the influence of the devoted Christian educators can never be adequately estimated.

It would be hard to find a less denominationally selfish project than these Methodist mission schools. They are endeavouring to invest the lives of the missionaries in the community for the benefit of the young people coming to them for an education, and for the uplift of all with whom they come in contact. The missionaries have shown what Christian homes should and can be. One young man who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth told me that what had influenced him for Christ was the home life of these teachers. They have shown that young people can meet together for helpful social intercourse, and healthful recreation. In Cochabamba especially, the missionaries are looked to for advice in the matter of getting up parties and social gatherings and they have influenced greatly the social life of the youth of the well-to-do, by the introduction of athletics and outdoor sports, a thing before unknown. They have been a significant factor in instilling higher ideals into the minds of the young. I

found both teachers and pupils of the schools in La Paz and Cochabamba, attending the Sunday services of the Canadian Baptist Mission. There is the most cordial relationship between the workers of the two Societies.

But, these schools are for the children of the wealthy, and are largely self-supporting as far as running expenses are concerned: what have they to do with the Indian? Simply this: these consecrated young American teachers have seen the great untouched mass of Indians for whom nobody has ever cared and for whom nothing has ever been done. Their hearts have gone out to them and they are offering themselves for Indian work. I have seen the survey and outline of work as laid down by them for the activities of the next ten years. The program is inclusive and comprises besides provision for medical and evangelical work, an educational system that shall reach out to remote Indian centers and head up in the present schools in La Paz and Cochabamba. That the missionaries themselves believe in the program is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Frank Beck, Director of the American Institute in La Paz, has just returned to the home land to study medicine in order that he may return as one of the missionary physicians called for by the plan. The whole scheme if carried out as planned will bring to fruition the previous work of Christian education, because it will furnish an outlet for the Christian activities of those of the ruling class who have the

interests of the Indian at heart, and an opportunity to develop native leadership.

The Canadian Baptists located in La Paz are approaching the Indian problem from a different angle. Some time ago, through a bequest of a friend of missions, they came into possession of a large estate on Lake Titicaca together with the Indians living on it. A couple of missionary ladies, one of them a nurse, have gone out to live on the farm and have begun to study the language. A practical missionary farmer is expected soon from Canada. The missionaries are finding that the possession of land together with the legal custody of human beings carries its own peculiar responsibilities. Prayerfully facing the problem as they are doing, they may be able to solve it not only satisfactorily to themselves, but in such a way that their experience may be of value to others who really wish to help their Indian serfs to independent manhood.

In December, 1921, Mrs. Irving Whitehead, who had just been assigned by Bishop Oldham to work among the Indians in La Paz, took me to see the little building she had rented. Then, the question that was uppermost in my mind was: Will the Indian of La Paz respond to this effort about to be made in his behalf? Now, the question that repeats itself is: Why has not the attempt been made before? The response has been pathetic in its wistful eagerness. The school room has been full from the first, not only during the

day, but at night with classes for adults, and for Sunday services as well. Mothers have brought their children, serious little Indian toddlers have come bringing on their backs the baby brother or sister for whom they were responsible. The day I last visited the school, four babies were playing on the floor while the older brother or sister that had brought them was studying. One of the babies started crying and the brother immediately left his book and went out doors with the baby to remain until it was again quiet—a condition Mrs. Whitehead has found it necessary to impose.

At the request of Rev. H. E. Wintemute, the missionary in charge, I spoke one Sunday night in the Baptist Church in La Paz. As I was speaking an Aymará Indian came in and sat down. I told in simple Spanish the story of the American Bible Society, how we had just published the New Testament in Quechua and that we hoped some day to have the Gospels in Aymará. The old man was waiting as I passed out. He approached, took my hand in both of his, said in broken Spanish: "Your word was very sweet to me," and turning went his way. Never have words of appreciation stirred me so. I leave the reader to imagine my emotions. May the workers be forthcoming and may Divine Wisdom be granted the individuals and societies who are seriously facing the problem of winning the inhabitants of this great Indian city for Christ.



## X

### THE BOLIVIAN INTERIOR

**I**N size, Cochabamba is the second city of Bolivia. It is the center of the life of the Quechua Indian as La Paz is of that of the Aymará. Cochabamba is about twenty-four hours' journey from La Paz by rail. Sleeping accommodation on the train is good, and a very satisfactory meal of several courses can be secured in the dining car for about seventy-five cents American money. The first part of the journey is along the tableland to the bustling mining town of Oruro where we change from the main line that continues to Antofagasta, Chile, to the branch road that goes over the mountain rim into the broken and rugged eastern slope of the Andes and taps the rich valley of Cochabamba.

The rarefied night air of the plateau is cold and piercing. The continuous struggle of the inhabitants for a mere existence renders them morose, sullen, and apathetic. As we contemplate the poverty-stricken Indians, men, women, and children, with their weather-beaten, bronzed, features, and calloused feet, cultivating their little patches of barley or potatoes, herding small flocks of sheep

or llamas, or guiding pack trains of the latter across the plateau, we note the monotony of the treeless landscape dotted with cheerless clay hovels, and shut in by bleak mountains, and do not wonder at the exclamation of a native author: "If the surrounding barren and miserable hills furnish any inspiration, it is the desire to escape, to get away, and the farther the better." The inhospitable character of the elements by which he is surrounded, finds itself reflected in the irresponsive character of the Aymará Indian. His disposition must be warmed by the persistent shining of the sun of disinterested kindness to which he has hitherto been a stranger, before he will expand and become susceptible to outside influence of any sort whatever.

The Quechua Indian of the Cochabamba Valley is of a different type. Five thousand feet lower, Cochabamba has the temperate climate of Mexico City. The valley is fertile, and its soil yields readily to cultivation. Corn is the principal article of diet, taking the place of the barley and frozen potatoes of the tableland. Life here is not such a serious struggle for existence. The dweller of this region has more leisure, is more sociable, musical, expansive, generous, and accessible, than is the inhabitant of the cold highlands. He is also quicker of intellect and less stolid and apathetic, though he does not have the sturdiness of physique of the latter.

Shortly after leaving Oruro we commence the ascent of the rim of the plateau, apparently a low-lying range of hills. As soon as we cross the divide, and begin to descend by one of the multitudinous steep-sided gorges or valleys that constitute the higher portion of the Amazon basin, we are impressed by the immensity of the mountain masses, down the sides of which the railroad has been built to the lower altitudes, and by the audacity of the engineers that bring the train out onto the very edge of a deep abyss, the bottom of which lies hundreds of feet below, then by zigzagging down its sides convey you nearly to the level of the rushing stream below. The stream descends, however, at a much greater angle than the grade of the road, and we soon find ourselves far above it again, only to repeat the zigzagging process of reaching the lower level. Soon we are thousands of feet below the top of the divide from which we started. From this side, the mountains no longer look like low-lying hills, but the towering masses of rock that they really are, thrusting their dizzy heights heavenward, intercepting the sun, and shortening the day itself by bearing aloft the encircling horizon.

The instability of it all impresses one. Short shrift to any work of man that thwarts these seaward-moving mountains. If the process of erosion seems to be infinitely slow on the western side of the Andes where there is no rainfall, on the

eastern slopes the contrary is the case. When purchasing our ticket at the station, we noticed an announcement that the railroad would not be responsible for accidents which might occur to persons or property during the trip. This was because of the great frequency of landslides between Oruro and Cochabamba, rendering the road unsafe during the rainy season. As we made the descent to the Cochabamba valley, there was everywhere evidence of the instability of these great masses of rock, ready again to start on their way to sea level as soon as the rains should begin. During the dry season the rock on the surface is in a comparatively stable condition, but the steep slopes of the mountains are in a constant state of disintegration from the action of cold, heat, and moisture. As soon as the rains begin, therefore, the streams that were clear, and low almost to the point of drying up except where fed by melting glaciers, become rushing torrents of mud, rolling boulders and stones along their beds, grinding them in the process into mud and silt to be deposited later in the Amazon river delta thousands of miles away.

Sometimes the heavy rains in the higher altitudes precipitate such quantities of water into the valleys converging to form these rivers, that the water rushes down the river bed like an advancing wall several feet high, sweeping everything before it. At other times combining landslides form rivers of mud and stone that fill the valley from

side to side to a depth of several feet, forming an irresistible mass that overcomes everything in its path. The lower part of the town of Arque through which we pass was completely covered by such a flood of mud and stones a few years ago. Again, this year (1923) another large portion of the town was destroyed by flood and landslide. The author of the grammar that I secured for the study of Quechua was drowned with his wife, as they were caught by a flood of water rushing down a dry river bed. These floods often overtake travelers without previous warning, since the mountains where the rains occur are out of sight of the people of the steep-sided valleys. All traveling in this part of Bolivia, to be unaccompanied by grave danger, must be done during the dry season. After the close of the rains, what were rushing torrents again become small, clear, mountain brooks, meandering along on top of a bed of sand, cobblestone, and rocks, products of erosion at rest during the dry season. These almost dry valley bottoms may well be called rock rivers, since they are composed of rock that with each rainy season will be carried another stage of the long journey to the far-away Atlantic.

Though the rainfall is abundant, this section of the Andes is devoid of forest and there is no curtain of verdure to screen the action of the elements. Every valley is fed by tributary valleys and gorges whose sides are in a constant state of disintegra-

tion. At the foot of every cliff, taluses form and at the mouth of every gorge there are left, at the close of the rainy season, fan-like deltas, the inclined angle of which indicates the rapidity of the streams by which they were formed. Through the deltas run in a deep cut the apparently harmless streams that built them up. Indian homes, hamlets, and even villages and towns, are built upon these deltas, and all will go well and prosperously for a few years, when some day as the result of a sudden downpour of rain the channel will fill with heavy material, the torrent overflow its bed and cut a new channel for itself, carrying everything before it. Many an Indian hamlet and more than a score of villages are thus carried away annually on the eastern slope of the Andes in Bolivia. When to this are added the frequent avalanches when fields and whole mountainsides slip down into the valley below, it is easily seen what a constant battle with the elements is forced upon all who live in this section, and what constant vigilance is required to keep a roof over one's head when the foundations may be swept away at any time.

As we approach Cochabamba, the valley widens. Orchards and fields appear, bearing all the fruits of the temperate zone. Singing birds abound and fill the air with their melodies. The nest of the oven bird is seen on trees and telegraph poles along the line. The people at the railroad stations become smiling and sociable in their attitude. The lan-

guage throughout this thickly-populated valley is Quechua. Spanish is seldom heard. The language of childhood, even of the sparse white population, is that of the native Indian, hence the importance of the translation of the Gospel message into the language of the people, to be printed side by side with Spanish, the official language of the country.

Because of the work being done on the New Testament in this dialect of the Quechua, I was anxious to visit Mr. George Allan, of the Bolivian Indian Mission, under whose supervision the translation was being made. Hence I gladly accepted Mr. Allan's invitation to visit the Mission Headquarters at San Pedro.

The journey from the railroad station at Arque to San Pedro is about fifty miles' ride over a mountain trail. Mr. H. C. McKinney met me at the station with the news that he had engaged a mule and guide to take me to San Pedro and that we would start about daylight the following morning. Would I be willing to speak to the people that night? Of course, I was only too glad of the opportunity. Although the meeting had not been announced, the congregation was very easily gathered. In the yard back of the hall, there were suspended from the branch of a tree two pieces of steel rail of different lengths. Beating upon these called a congregation together and filled the building in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinney are quite musical.

They have had the Quechua songs and choruses printed in large type on a scroll which they hang up on the wall back of the reading-stand, and teach them to the children during the services. I wish the reader could have heard the children of that congregation sing the Gospel songs and choruses in Quechua, Mr. McKinney leading and his wife accompanying on the baby organ. They sang so heartily, so well, and with so much expression that one was carried away by their enthusiasm and had a vision of the possibilities of multiplying such congregations throughout Indian America.

My guide appeared as promptly as could have been expected in the morning. While we did not get started at daylight, it was not very long after that I was leaving the town of Arque mounted on a bay mule with black head and neck, the Indian running before on foot. After striking off down the rock bed of the river, we turned to the right and followed up a tributary stream-bed for about twenty minutes, then the trail led directly up a steep mountain spur. Up, up, we zigzagged at an almost unbelievable angle until in a few minutes we were hundreds of feet above the stream, near enough to perpendicular so that all the shrubs and plants seemed to lean up the mountain side in order to keep from falling over the precipices. On the curves of the trail around the end of the spur when the mule's head projects over a straight drop



of fearful depth and the first turn of her body brings half of the rider over the same precipice, there is, at first, an almost irresistible tendency to lean to the side of the trail toward the mountain. Soon, however, one learns the futility of this; and, with increasing confidence in the surefootedness of the animal, retains his seat as contentedly and unconcernedly as though in a luxurious observation car, with this difference that he is now a part of the scenery of which he would be but an observer from the car window. Surely this adds spice to the joy of living.

No American mule as far as I know ever follows the principle of the driver in the story, who, when asked how near he could drive to a precipice without falling over, said that he always kept as far away from the edge as possible. The mule always keeps to the very outer edge of the trail, as far away from the mountain wall as possible. The reason may be that when carrying cargoes, if the load hits the mountain, the rebound is likely to carry him over the precipice—I have seen such accidents—or it may be sheer mulishness. Having discovered the desire of the rider to keep as far away as possible, the animal determines to have his own way in this particular. The sooner one accepts the situation and remains perfectly at ease, the better for his peace of mind. At any rate the outside of the path has its advantages. One is able to look straight down, and it gives him some-

what the sensation of riding in an aeroplane suspended between earth and sky.

After we had reached the apparent summit of the ridge we traveled along the rising crest. The trail sometimes led along the top so that we could see both valleys, but it oftener kept to one side or the other avoiding the highest points. The Indian kept comparatively near on foot; in order to rest the mule, I would frequently dismount and walk up the steepest parts of the ascent. On either side of us was a steep valley and we looked down upon the tops of the shepherds' huts below, and into the rock-inclosed folds, down into the "V"-shaped valleys beyond which the field of vision embraced peak after peak of steep mountain masses, on many of which fields were cultivated on sides so precipitous that one wondered how the labourers managed to maintain a footing while cultivating and harvesting the crop.

Our first stopping place was at a sheep ranch where we secured fodder for the mule. The ranch foreman ordered some eggs and potatoes fried for me. The servant also boiled water for tea. I try to avoid drinking unboiled water when traveling in these countries unless sure that it comes from an uncontaminated source. The foreman and his little son understood Spanish, but all of the help, including my Indian guide, spoke Quechua only. The little boy told me he was home on vacation, that he was attending school in Cochabamba, and

knew the missionaries there very well. He thought they had the best school in Bolivia.

After our rest the foreman refused to take any pay for food for man or animals, saying that he was glad to be of service to any friend of the missionaries of San Pedro. He then brought out from the house a little girl three or four years old, flushed with fever, and having a badly coated tongue. He thought she had scarlet fever. Could I do anything for her? All that I had with me in the way of medicine was some three-grain tablets of *cascara sagrada*. I gave some of these to him, telling him to give her one at regular periods until they produced the desired effect. For this he seemed very grateful.

The second part of the day's journey was even more fascinating than the first. Beyond the sheep ranch the trail was unknown to the Indian. The manager explained to me in Spanish, and to the guide in Quechua, the trails we were to follow. When we came to the point where we had been directed to leave the main trail in order to reach the next valley, I should have been lost without the sagacity of the Indian. He was able to follow the trail over the apparently bare rock. I was not convinced that he was right, and followed him rather doubtfully until we came upon a well-beaten track again. We came out onto the new trail near to the starting point of a stream flowing in the opposite direction from those we had left, although all the

streams in this section finally reach the sea through the Amazon.

A little farther down the trail a beautiful fox jumped into the road ahead of us, ran along a little way, then turned and looked at us, giving a broad side view as if to show off his flaming red fur and black-tipped tail. As we rounded the spur at the curve around which the fox had disappeared into the valley below, a pair of immense condors flew up, the only ones I have ever seen. I watched them as their gigantic forms grew smaller in the distance until they appeared but small specks against the shadow of some distant thunderheads.

We followed down this tiny mountain stream until it became a wide, rocky river bed, though with little water at this season of the year, since we were just at the close of the dry season. Then we turned up a tributary stream and followed it to its very beginning in a spring in a llama pasture, in a gulley cut out of a mossy sod. A few minutes more and we were at the summit of the ridge and a wonderful sight presented itself. We were on the top of a high range which overlooked a field of mountain tops stretching in every direction as far as eye could reach. The green of the sparse vegetation mingling with the reddish colour of the rocks reflecting the after glow of the sun just disappearing over the horizon, made a sight long to be remembered as one of the experiences of a lifetime.

From this point there was a long descent, and it was considerably after dark when we reached the Indian village of Torocarí, where are stationed Mr. and Mrs. Powlison, of the Bolivian Indian Mission. At first, I could find no one who understood Spanish from whom to inquire the residence of the Powlisons. Nor could we make anyone understand whom we wanted. Finally, I asked for the man who treated the poor when they were sick. A woman then started us in the right direction. We went past the house, however, and had to be set right by a young man we met who understood Spanish. We were given a hearty welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Powlison, whom I found living in a native adobe house like those of their Indian neighbours.

The trail on which we set out the following morning from Torocarí to San Pedro is down one of the rock river beds of which I have spoken, until just opposite the town, which is located part way up the mountain side. The scenery was impressive along this river winding between the spurs of gigantic piles of rock. The stream of water was small and clear and meandered from side to side, down the inclined plain, in which it had cut a course for itself during the long dry season.

Of intense interest are these beginnings of the sources of the mighty Amazon. At the point from which we started, the path led between immense boulders. As we advanced, these diminished in

size and became more rounded. The valley had also widened out, and tributaries to the rocky bed were to be seen all along the way. They ranged in size from the small talus, at the foot of almost perpendicular cliffs, to the more or less steep deltas opening into the main valley from the mountain gorges. The sides of these gorges were lined with rocks and loosened boulders waiting for the coming rains to start them again on their journey to the sea.

I was hurrying along for two reasons; first, I wanted to reach San Pedro in time to have a short rest before the noon meeting, then I was becoming horribly sunburned and wanted to get out of the glare of the river bed as soon as possible. My mule was a good walker and was easily urged into a trot along the smooth parts of the trail. So sure was I of the way from the description given me that I had left the Indian far behind, not anticipating any need of him.

Finally, the mule became very thirsty, and tried to drink every time we crossed the stream. Hitherto I had left the care of the animal entirely to the Indian, dismounting while he took off the bridle and watered her. I had taken quite a liking to the animal. She was so willing and surefooted that I thought she deserved good treatment. In my haste I decided not to wait for the Indian this time but to water her myself. Accordingly I dismounted, took off the bridle, and, holding her by

the rawhide rope about the neck, let her drink all she wanted. I then put my right hand through the halter and, taking hold of the top of the bridle with it, took the bit in my left, and started to put it in her mouth. Suddenly she gave a jump, a wheel, and a few twists of the head that wound the rope three times around my wrist. Finding that she could not get away, she reared and came at me with forefeet and teeth. In less time than it takes to write it, I was on my back in the shallow water with the mule on top of me, kneeling and biting savagely every part she could reach, which was the arms above the elbow and the shoulders. It took all of my strength to keep my head up and my face out of the way of her teeth.

It is hard enough to breathe at any time in an altitude of 9,000 feet, and it seemed as though the weight of the mule would crush my life out. When I began to think I could stand it no longer, she gave another spring and whirl, filled the air fuller of feet than I cared to see it, in an attempt to kick herself free and get away. We fell again, this time with the mule kneeling somewhat across me so that she did not so completely crush out my breath as before. I was, however, just as helpless. My knife was in my right pocket and I could not get at it to cut the rope. It was impossible for me to exert any force to try to throw the animal on her side, and she continued savagely biting all the while. Once she got my middle finger between

her teeth, and from the way they closed on it, I thought that would be the last of that finger. I watched, however, for the first indication of relaxation in the grip and snatched my hand from her mouth.

Meanwhile my strength was fast going. It not only took my utmost strength to keep my face up out of her reach, but it took all my will power to keep from fainting. I knew that should I relax, not only would she be able to get at my face with her teeth, but that she would also be able to trample and crush my body in her frantic efforts to get away. The question that repeated itself in my mind was: "Is this the way the end is coming, alone in the Upper Andes, in a fight with a frenzied mule?" I then thought of the promise I had made to the Indians of Cuzco, to carry their appeal to the people of the United States. I thought of the wife that was waiting my return, and of the children that still needed a father to help them to prepare for life's work, and I asked the heavenly Father, for their sake, to send help in time. I also cried out, as loud as my exhausted condition would permit, for help, so that any person passing would not think the mule was chewing a dead man. Just as I seemed about to lose consciousness in spite of every effort, the Indian came up with two others. The mule was in the act of rising to make another effort to get free. They were able to seize and hold her, however, and when they had



released my hand from her neck I collapsed into a gasping, groaning heap.

One of the Indians mounted the mule and hurried off to San Pedro for help; the other remained by me with the guide. The hot sun became unbearable, and the men supported me to the shade of a nearby bush. They did so, one getting under an arm on each side. When they had raised me to my feet, it seemed incredible that I should find no bones broken, nor any symptoms of internal injury. I lay for a while under the scant shade of the shrub and the Indians brought me water from the river. The heat becoming again unbearable, it seemed as though I must get out of it somewhere, so I asked them to support me along the road toward San Pedro. This they did, one getting under either arm as before. Just a few rods ahead we rounded a curve and the town, on the mountain side not a mile away, came into sight. I also saw a man urging a mule along the river bed toward us; and, with the knowledge that help was on the way, collapsed again in the shade of a small pepper tree.

Mr. George Allan was the first to arrive, followed by some of the young men of the mission, one of whom brought a first-aid kit. They helped me onto the mule, but I could not remain there. Then two of the young men supported me in the same way the Indians had done, and we started again for the town. I shall never forget how far

away it looked. When we arrived at the foot of the mountain, we found several of the young ladies of the mission who had come to meet us. The young men laid me down to rest again. So weak and exhausted was I that I would have spells of shivering like a person with ague. I must have been a sight. My face was covered with blood from a small cut under the right eyebrow, one on the bridge of the nose, another behind the ear, that had been inflicted by the mule's teeth during the first desperate struggle to get my face out of her reach. I had on a union suit of khaki overalls that had been loaned to me by one of the missionaries of La Paz for the trip. My derby was as battered and dirty as that of any tramp, from having been under us in the water. While I was lying there, one of the young ladies gave me water with a spoon, while another began to wash the blood and dirt from my face. The latter remarked that they could begin to see what I looked like. I asked if she thought I would be handsome when she got through with me but she would not commit herself. The first time I saw my own face in the glass, I did not wonder at her unwillingness to express an opinion, for it was badly sunburned, scratched, and superficially grazed. After further rest we started slowly up the hill. I did not have much farther to walk, however, for one of the young men brought a cot on which they laid me and carried me the rest of the way to the mission home.

I have never before been so glad to find myself between sheets. Mr. Shakeshaft, one of the missionaries who had spent some time as a nurse in the homeopathic hospital in London, took me in charge. From elbow to elbow over the shoulders and around the back of the neck the whole surface was perfectly black. There were very few places, however, where the skin was broken, though the muscles were terribly bruised. The tough over-alling had prevented the teeth reaching my flesh. The finger gave me the most pain, for here the teeth had reached the bone and it became infected.

I had always believed in medical missions, but had never had such a vivid experience of their value. Here I was, fifty-two miles from a railway station and more than a hundred miles from a doctor. What would have been the results to me from this accident, without the help of the missionaries? Not only at this time, when I was so weak I could not stand, did I appreciate the help, but thereafter as well. At the stations at which I called on my return journey they were able to dress my wounds and irrigate and dress the infected finger. All of the Indians living in this section are just as far from a doctor as I was, in many sections much farther. Even those Indians living in the cities of the Andean region do not have medical aid and are even more ignorant of how to care for themselves than I. No wonder they love the missionaries who come to their help

with medicines, bandages, and modern antiseptics.

In spite of my exhausted physical condition as a result of the accident, I was able to accomplish that for which I had come to San Pedro, namely, to get first-hand information regarding the work of the Bolivian Indian Mission, and the need and field for the Quechua New Testament, then being brought out by the Bible Societies. It was a pleasure to meet Mr. Barron, the native helper and translator. Mr. Barron, like many others, while not considering himself an Indian, uses Quechua in his home by preference. His own attention was first called to the Gospel by having a Bible portion offered to him in the Quechua language. He later secured a New Testament in Spanish, and both he and his wife were brought to the knowledge of the Lord through the reading and study of the Bible, and by seeking Him in prayer in their own home. Mr. Barron himself is an example of the power of God's Spirit working through the printed Word to change a man from a drunkard and wife-beater into an earnest Christian worker devoting all of his time to seeking to spread the good news among his fellow-countrymen.

The workers of this mission are all very enthusiastic over the help that the parallel column New Testament is going to be in the evangelisation of Quechua-speaking Bolivia. In all this region everybody speaks Quechua. But few understand Spanish, still fewer can read, and no books are

available in their own language. Mr. Allan has devised a simple phonetic alphabet by using the Spanish letters with a few diacritical signs to represent sounds not found in that language, so that anyone who can read Spanish can now read the Quechua also. This New Testament will be valuable to all Christian workers, in that it will enable them to acquire the Quechua vocabulary and to read the Scriptures to the people in their own tongue. It will also be valuable to all Quechua-speaking people who have learned to read Spanish because it will give them the Gospel in their mother tongue instead of through a foreign medium, and at the same time it will help the people of the section to acquire Spanish, the official language of their country. The only other New Testament in any of the many indigenous languages of South America is the one published in the Guarani of Paraguay and Southern Brazil. Much remains to be accomplished before the Indians of South and Central America can hear the Good News read in their own tongue. God bless and prosper the devoted workers who are consecrating their lives to this hitherto neglected task.

After a stay of three days, I started on the return trip from San Pedro to Arque, on Wednesday afternoon, planning to make it by easy stages, resting Thursday in Torocarí, then passing Saturday and Sunday in Arque, and leaving on Monday's train for La Paz. The rains had been delayed,

they might come at any time, and in my weak and bruised condition, I felt I had better hasten back while the roads were at their best. The guide demurred at starting in the afternoon. He said it looked like rain and it would be better to wait till morning. When we got down to the river bed he called my attention to the fact that the stream was rising as indicated by its increased muddiness and the floating sticks and leaves, and suggested turning back. I, however, told him that we would press on for a time and if it looked too much like rain we would return. When we had proceeded a little farther he pointed out to me the rain that was falling up a side valley near a village we were to pass. I told him we would proceed to the village; that if it rained by the time we reached it, we would stay there over night. When we had reached the village the shower had passed between us and San Pedro. I then said we would continue our journey and that if caught in the rain we would stop at some houses that I had seen further up-stream. He consented rather reluctantly, but helped me to urge the mule along. I was anxious to pass, if possible, the half-way point between San Pedro and Torocarí where the valley was very narrow, before sufficient rain should fall to cause the stream to rise and make it impassible. When we had reached the houses indicated, the threatening storm had passed behind us, just sprinkling a few large drops on the stones of the river bed

where we were. There being no further indication ahead of immediate rain, we pushed on to Torocarí.

I was very cordially received by the Powlisons and spent the following day with them, taking a complete rest, and getting information regarding their work. Friday morning we started long before daylight, and saw the sun rise from the frost-covered top of the mountain referred to previously as a llama pasture. On our return to the sheep ranch, upon inquiry regarding the little girl, we found she was much better. After a short rest we again set out, and reached the top of the mountain overlooking the valley in which Arque is situated, in time to see the early afternoon train on which I had arrived from La Paz the week before, pass down the valley on its way to Cochabamba.

As we neared Arque, going along the bed of the river we heard a noise on the spur above us of small stones falling down the mountain side. My mule jumped and broke into a run. Simultaneously the Indian started to run, shouting to me to do the same. This was a new experience. Looking back I saw the cause of the terror of man and animal. A few pieces of an accumulation of rock debris on the mountain side had lost their equilibrium and had fallen into the valley. These pieces of rock might have been the beginning of an avalanche that would have buried us under a pile of disintegrated rock. The avalanche would

surely come with the beginning of the rain; but for the present these few small pieces were all that fell.

We reached Arque as the missionary family were at the evening meal, and found there Mrs. Allan with a new missionary who had come via La Paz on her way to San Pedro, also Mr. and Mrs. Lowson, of Australia, who had been spending some time visiting the different stations of the mission. Mr. McKinney dressed my wounds and I retired for the night almost immediately. I was awakened by a downpour of rain and the noise of the rushing river. The rains had begun, and I was more than glad that I had not taken the advice of the Indian to delay my start from San Pedro. After spending Saturday and Sunday in Arque, and hearing again the enthusiastic singing of the Gospel songs in Quechua by the children, I took the Monday train for La Paz.

During my trips into the interior of Bolivia I have been amply repaid for the time spent in studying the simple Quechua grammar. I have always found the guides companionable and responsive to any attempts at communication. It has been an agreeable pastime to try out on them my own Quechua vocabulary, and to add to it words I could catch from their replies; this was especially the case with the guide who took me to San Pedro. Though he did not speak Spanish, quite a friendship sprang up between us aided by my attempts to increase my vocabulary. The names of some of





SUNDAY SCHOOL, ARQUE, BOLIVIA.  
 QUECHUA-SPEAKING HALF-CASTE CHILDREN (*Above*)  
 AYMARA INDIAN BOYS PASTURING CATTLE AND  
 GATHERING REEDS IN MARSHES OF LAKE  
 TITICACA (*Below*)



the birds seen were not difficult to remember, being imitations of the cries of the birds themselves. A large bird with habits of the American flicker, but about twice as large, was the "*yacayaca*," another which I looked upon as the Bolivian mocking-bird he called the "*chirichiri*," and still another, a wader, that we saw in damp places, was the "*yoqueyoque*."

When I said goodbye to the guide after several days of companionship and imperfect communication, during which he had looked after the welfare of the animal, and my own when required, and had saved my life in one instance although attacked and bitten himself by the mule while so doing, it was with a feeling of regret that, because of his lack of knowledge of Spanish and my ignorance of his own language, we had not been able to form a closer acquaintance. We had however been able to express ourselves, although imperfectly, in the universal signs of helpfulness and goodwill.

## XI

### THE CRADLE OF THE INCAS

**M**ETROPOLIS, capital, and shrine, mother of language, religion, learning, and law, as well as of cities and colonies, was Cuzco to the Inca Empire. It was the center from which these efficient rulers extended their conquests in every direction, builded extensive military roads, east to the coast, north to Quito, Ecuador, and south into Chile and the Argentine; supervised extensive irrigation systems, and ruled the country better than it has ever been governed since the Spanish Conquest. It was from Cuzco also that radiated the influence of the religion of the sun god, and from this center were sent out the language teachers that did their work so well that to this day "*runa simi*," the "speech of humans," as they still proudly call it, is the tongue of all the mountain region and central plateau from Quito to Chile except in the section occupied by the sturdy Aymarás who, though subdued, never surrendered the speech of their fathers. It is estimated that Quechua in its slightly differing dialects is spoken by more than 3,000,000 people in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, and Aymará by but 500,000.

Not only do rivers, cities, and mountains from Ecuador to Northern Argentine bear evidence to this day of former Inca rule, in the same way as memorials of former Indian languages are to be found in such geographical names in North America, but unlike North America, these objects of nature re-echo today in the interior the same sounds spoken by the same race whose language, though enriched, has been but little altered by 400 years' contact with Spanish. *Cuzco* ("the navel") is still famous not only for its ruined temples and fortresses where outraged heathendom made its last stand against Christian (?) greed and perfidy, but as a center where the Quechua language is still to be found in its greatest purity, and where it has been least influenced by the language of the conqueror.

Although but 360 miles in a direct line from Lima, the present capital of Peru, it is a journey of five days by the quickest route; two days by sea to Mollendo, two days by rail to the railroad junction at Juliaca, or to Puno on Lake Titicaca, if one prefers to pass the night there. Another day's travel takes us into the center of one of the most interesting and fascinating regions of the western world; fascinating because of its history, legends and archæological attractions; interesting because of its being the living grave of a throttled race who have held tenaciously to their customs, superstitions and language, and who are beginning again

to thrill with the sensation of race consciousness, and to feel that extermination would be better than the long-drawn-out torture of which they are now the victims.

The first part of the road from Puno to Cuzco is along the central plain which was the former lake bed when the present body of water, now about the size of Lake Erie, was a great inland sea. This lake bed forms the present elevated plateau, and is surrounded by apparently low-lying mountains. I say, apparently low-lying, because they are really towering peaks. Our present elevation is 13,000 feet above sea level, which makes these stupendous masses appear comparatively low. As we approach the mountains at the edge of the plateau, former shore lines are noted on the enclosing slopes.

The day's ride is a long, hard one, twelve hours' run over a rough road in uncomfortable cars with low-backed seats. As we climb the mountain barrier which separates the tableland of Lake Titicaca from the basin of the Amazon, we note the dwindling of the small river along the valley of which we are traveling until it becomes but a trickling stream. At the summit of the divide, we pass between two snow-clad peaks, the melting snows of which form the origin of the stream we have been following. Someone had made a small mud dam across the railroad ditch at the highest point. The water on one side of this dam flows

into Lake Titicaca from whence it is carried through the outlet of this body of water, the Desaguadero River, to evaporate later in the great salt marshes in the interior of Bolivia. The water on the other side of the little dam is starting on its long road to the ocean and forms the beginning of one of the many tributaries of the mighty Amazon. For the greater part of the remainder of the day we follow this little stream until it becomes a rushing river.

The first part of the journey is through a pastoral country. We see great mountain valleys where large flocks of sheep, llamas, and alpacas are feeding in the care of Indian shepherds. Frequently the llamas feeding on the dizzy heights look like moving specks in the distance. As we begin the descent, and throughout the day, the character of the agriculture being carried on indicates the change of climate with the decreasing altitude. The first cultivated crops seen are small patches of barley and potatoes, then wheat and peas appear; later, corn, and, finally, a few of the prickly pear cacti indicate that we are reaching a warmer region.

The people of the tableland and higher elevations where the country is pastoral, live in isolated, grass-thatched adobe or stone huts, in the vicinity of which are the walled enclosures for the flocks. As we descend to the agricultural region, hamlets and villages begin to appear, becoming larger and

more populous as we proceed. The village houses are mostly small, one-roomed huts, built of stone and adobe, covered with red brick tiles, and huddled together along narrow streets. The villages follow each other in rapid succession. This thickly-populated valley is without any evangelising agency whatever.

The language spoken in Puno and on the tableland is largely Aymará. That spoken in this valley, in fact throughout all this region, is Quechua, a language which has suffered but little change throughout the centuries of contact with Spanish. I had been casually studying the language ever since my arrival in Lima, and had acquired a vocabulary of several scores of words. It was a source of great pleasure to find, in testing out these words on some of the Indians at the railway stations, that I had acquired the correct pronunciation; at least they understood what I meant when I named certain articles in their own language. They seemed surprised and pleased to find that an American should be able to use any Quechua at all.

Hearing no Spanish whatever at the stations, we realise that we have at last reached the very center of Indian America, the seat of power from which radiated the influence of this remarkable people, the Incas or "children of the sun," whose laws, customs, and monuments have been the wonder and admiration of scholars. These customs and language are with us today, very little modified during



the time that has passed since the conquest, but the people whom we see begging at the railway stations, bowing under heavy burdens, digging up the earth with rude hoes (because, here in Peru, human labour is cheaper than that of animals) are among the most abused, ill-treated, and oppressed beings to be found upon the face of the earth.

With what mingled emotions do we direct our journey towards Cuzco, this former center of a ruined civilisation. The heart beats faster as we think of the temerity of the little band of Spanish adventurers who risked all and almost surpassed the limits of human endurance in their determination to accomplish their purpose and secure for themselves and their monarch the fabulous riches of the great unknown continent. The blood boils with indignation at the treachery displayed and the foul murders to which they descended, at the hypocrisy of the conniving priests in offering the Indian monarch, Atahualpa, death by decapitation instead of by burning if he would submit to the ritual of baptism. With what depression and feelings of commiseration do we witness the present degrading physical, moral, and spiritual slavery of the Indian of today and the inhuman indifference of the parasites, both clerical and lay, that fatten at his expense. The mind is also filled with ominous forebodings of possible future disaster and bloodshed as a consequence of the development of race consciousness on the part of the indigenes.

Exploited, oppressed, robbed, degraded, and brutalised to an almost unbelievable extent, the Indian has become apathetic and hopeless in his misery and helplessness. His one relaxation is the exhilaration of getting beastly drunk on feast days and other special occasions. His one comfort is the cocaine extracted from the coca leaf which he chews for its anæsthetic effect upon his hungry stomach and weary muscles as well as for its deadening effect upon his mental sensibilities, enabling him as it does to mechanically and unthinkingly accomplish long and burdensome tasks with but little nourishment. Both of these vices, coca chewing and drunkenness, are encouraged by the ruling class for the profit from the sales of rum and coca, and because of their assistance in keeping the Indian in his degrading position of ignorance, indebtedness, and subjection. "Those are my tractors," said a wealthy land-owner to me, pointing at the same time to some Indian peons standing near, "and the coca-leaf is my gasoline. They won't work without coca. With plenty of coca to chew they will work from morning to night without anything to eat."

There are evidences, however, that the worm is beginning to turn. Centuries of repressed resentment are finding vent in refusals to work and in efforts at organisation to secure protection from the central government in Lima. Most, if not all, of the reported uprisings against local authority,

have, however, been unprovoked massacres of harmless groups of Indians by the landlords and local officials in their policy of intimidation. The Indians have nowhere as yet denied the authority of the Central Government. Not the least of the emotions that stir one on a visit to the former capital of the Incas are those arising from a consciousness of the fact that it is still not too late to save this hardy race to civilisation, to Christianity, and to the Kingdom of God by the Master's program of loving ministry to their physical, mental, and spiritual needs.

Bewildered, disorganised, and demoralised by the suddenness of the attack of the Spaniards aided by the supernatural animals,—the horses,—and the thunder and lightning of their guns, the Indian apparently lost race consciousness and submitted, not only to a domination, but to become the property of the conquerors. The Indian is beginning to feel that extermination and death would be preferable to his present condition. He is beginning to find himself and to develop a race consciousness. The shedding of rivers of blood may be prevented and possibly a war of extermination avoided by our coming to the help of the Indian at this time, giving him the education that is needed to fit him for Christian citizenship and enable him to obtain his rights by peaceful reform through the ballot box.

Cuzco is still marvelous for its many ruins, skilfully wrought records in imperishable rock of

a departed past, indicating the wealth, power, and skill of the builders of the Inca empire. In many cases, modern buildings, both secular and ecclesiastical, have been erected upon the foundations of the original, destroyed edifices. In every case, the part of the building which is of modern construction is crude, imperfect, and puerile as compared with the work of the Inca builders. Modern masonry in Cuzco cannot compete with the skill and accuracy with which the immense stones composing these ancient structures were fitted together. The work was so neatly done without the aid of mortar or cement, that, over hundreds of square feet of wall-facing, one cannot find a crevice. At the corner joints of some of these great blocks of andesite, not even a needle can be introduced, so closely matched are they. How it was done, by what means these great stone blocks were brought from the quarries and placed in their present position was long a mystery. We have stood in admiration before these silent witnesses of the past, awed at the skill and accuracy of the builders whose only historic records were kept by knots tied on strings of different length and colour.

When the train arrived at Cuzco, there was a rush of Indian boys and men into the car to secure the baggage, similar to the rush at Puno, but the crowd was a shade less disreputable than that of the Lake-city. Rev. Wm. Milham and Dr. James Buchanan were at the station to meet me. I

handed my baggage to them from the car window, then made my way through the crowd to where they stood. It seemed strange to see no coaches, autos, nor drivers soliciting passengers. I soon learned, however, that the streets of Cuzco, being very roughly and unevenly paved with cobblestone, are not adapted to any kind of passenger vehicle. There was a small street car drawn by mules, but this was so crowded that it was necessary for us to walk to the mission quarters.

The altitude of Cuzco is 11,100 feet above sea level, and I found that I must continue to move slowly as I had not yet become sufficiently adapted to the elevation to be able to exercise freely. Dr. Buchanan very kindly took my arm to keep me from stumbling in the dimly-lighted street, as we walked over stones and through mud to Monjas-pata, as the pretty mission plant in the suburbs of Cuzco is called.

Cuzco is a mission station of the Evangelical Union of South America, that was opened more than twenty years ago by the Regions Beyond Mission, under the direction of the late Dr. Grat-ten Guinness, of London, England. The first missionaries were driven out by an infuriated mob seeking to kill them, instigated and led by the priests. One of the missionaries, the Rev. John T. Jarret, now at Cereté, Colombia, was convalescing from smallpox at the time. There was no railroad, and these persecuted workers were

obliged to make their way overland, as best they could, to Lima. Nothing daunted, they soon returned, this time not ostensibly as missionaries but as English business men. They could thus claim the legal protection of treaty rights. A mechanic's workshop was established, and the first photographic studio in Cuzco was set up by Mr. F. Peters. Public meetings for the preaching of the Gospel were prohibited by law. The missionaries, however, talked to little groups in their own places of business and held religious services in their homes.

Finally, medical assistance proved to be the opening wedge and the breaker-down of the wall of prejudice. It was started by the wife of one of the missionaries offering to assist a lady in an approaching confinement. Hitherto the ladies had not been able to get into the homes of the people or to reach the women in any way. From that time on, doors began to open. There is hardly a house in Cuzco that at one time or other in the last fifteen years has not opened its doors to the devoted nurses connected with this mission.

The mission was primarily established with the idea of preaching the Gospel only. There are still many of its supporters who look askance at medical or educational missions. Yet I found in this quiet suburb of Cuzco a very complete mission plant, organised to meet the most pressing needs of the community. The missionaries on the field have

seen the necessity of ministering to the physical needs of those about them and are here carrying on the three-fold activities of healing, teaching and preaching. On a mission farm, located several miles down the valley, Mr. Payne (an agricultural missionary) is acting as preacher, builder, doctor and surgeon, judge, and general grandfather to the children in the farm orphanage and to the eighty or ninety Indian families living on the immense plantation.

In a section where scientific agriculture was unknown, where sugar cane is grown for the manufacture of rum only, and where the labourers were obliged to take one-half of their pay in rum, Mr. Payne is undertaking to show what can be done with the soil to make the country a better place in which to live. In a treeless region he has planted thousands of eucalyptus. A great deal of the wheat was formerly lost by rust. Mr. Payne has developed a rust-resisting wheat, and for some years has supplied seed of this wheat to the government of Peru. The average size of the potatoes grown in the district was that of a hen's egg. Mr. Payne has shown that the size of these can be greatly increased. By crossing the southern white corn of the United States with the native Peruvian maize, he has developed a corn which is considered by experts to be the best known to agricultural science. The first cross from rams brought from British Colombia has shown that a sheep should

produce eight pounds of wool instead of three, which is the average yield of the scrubs kept by the Indian shepherds.

But to return to Cuzco: the missionary home is in the center of a large compound and has separate quarters for the missionary in charge, the doctor's family, the young lady nurses, and teacher, who compose the mission staff. Two rooms are devoted to a day school which is in charge of Mrs. Milham assisted by Miss Joyce Baker, B.A. There is a small dispensary, and recently three small rooms have been added and set apart as a hospital for lying-in patients. The day I arrived there were five patients in these three rooms. A small adobe school-house was being put up during my visit and has since been completed.

The nurses, whose time is so fully occupied that they are taking maternity cases only, expressed a great deal of satisfaction with the hospital rooms. It had been their invariable custom to present each woman attended with a copy of the New Testament, and when favourable opportunity offered to engage in religious conversation or have prayer with the patient. However, it was not like being in their own home. Since they have had these rooms to which they have been able to bring their patients, they have adopted the custom of holding an evening service with music, Bible reading, and prayer. It was my privilege to lead this service one night. The three rooms are so connected that



all of the patients can hear. The women greatly enjoy the service, and the reader will fully realise that such an occasion is a most favourable one for a consecrated nurse to influence the lives of her patients for good.

I spoke of the mission plant at Monjaspata as being comparatively complete. Its completeness is in its organisation on a small scale to serve the community. Medical assistance for the poor given by a competent physician and surgeon, obstetrical care for maternity cases, with three rooms for lying-in patients, a primary school in charge of Mrs. Milham assisted by Miss Baker, a chapel for religious services which also serves as a library and reading room for young men certain afternoons and evenings of the week, and a boys' club, are all well included in the activities of these self-effacing workers.

The boys' club had originated in the hospital. One of the patients, a woman of the better class, was so favourably impressed during her stay with the missionary nurses that, when she learned they would like to find a place where they could take young boys in from the streets and teach them something useful, she offered to let them have the basement of her home. A boys' club was formed which had thirty members at the time of my visit. The boys were learning wood carving and going through such athletics as they could without apparatus. The club was a godsend for these boys,

since good, healthy sports are woefully lacking in much of South America.

The work of these consecrated nurses, Misses Pinn and Michell, deserves special mention. The mission they are engaged in has done more in Cuzco to break down the prejudice against Protestants than all other factors combined. They hold themselves in readiness to respond to the call of any woman in need, from the wife of the Governor to that of the poorest Indian woman living under the stoop of the steps of some building in a crowded part of the city, where there is not room to stand erect, and where everything must be done in a crouching position, groping one's way around the other occupants of the den squatting on the floor, with dogs and guinea pigs running under foot. Those who are able, pay something for the midwifery services, and the proceeds from such patients are sufficient to pay the salaries of the missionary nurses. Many are unable to pay, but all receive the same care and prompt attention. While their work has not been considered a mission to the Indians, yet the nurses have treated so many Indian women in their time of need, and so many other Indians have been treated at the dispensary in Monjaspata, and by Mr. Payne, on the farm, that the people of the whole region have come to realise that the missionaries are their friends, and they turn to them in time of need, as the only white people from whom they can expect a sympathetic hearing.

## XII

### THE MACEDONIAN CRY

**B**EFORE reaching Cuzco I had seen by the papers that a large number of representative Indians from all over the department had gathered at the ancient capital, which is the present capital of the Department, in an attempt to make representation to the Government of the wrongs they were suffering and to request protection from the rapacity of the landlords and clergy. Nothing had been accomplished, however, beyond furnishing material for patriotic speeches for the students of the University of Cuzco and furnishing additional evidence, if such were needed, that the Indians were becoming more and more dissatisfied with their present condition.

As we approached the mission quarters at Monjaspata, the evening of my arrival, I saw some Indians sitting in the school-room listening very attentively to Miss Michell, one of the missionary nurses, who was speaking to them through an interpreter. My interest was aroused and I asked Mr. Milham who these Indians were. He told me that a few of them had come at the invitation of a friend to the regular meeting the night before. A

couple of Gospel choruses had been sung for them in their own language, and they had heard the Gospel for the first time. They had returned to-night, bringing a few others with them, and asked if they might not hear the singing and the good word again. I was all ears at once, and, forgetting that the evening meal would probably be waiting me, asked if I might not attend the meeting. No objection being made, I entered the little school-room and took my seat among the listening Indians.

Miss Michell was telling the Indians very simply how to pray. They must talk to God just as they would to a person, telling Him their needs. She gave an example of answered prayer that had recently come into her own experience. She had purchased a horse for the work of the mission. In a few days it was stolen. She took the matter to the Lord, saying: "Father, we bought this horse for your work because we thought you wanted us to have it. If you do want us to have the horse please help us to find it again." In a short time the thief attempted to sell the horse to a person who recognised it and it was recovered for the mission. The Indians followed with great interest the simple illustrations given by Miss Michell, nodding frequently to show that they understood.

Suddenly I became conscious that my obligations to my hostess, Mrs. Milham, would not permit me to remain longer, and asked if I might have a

word. I told the Indians that I wanted to say that I loved them, that I had been thinking a great deal about them and praying for them ever since leaving my home in Cristobal, that I had even begun to study their language that I might get to understand them better. I spoke to them of God, the loving Father, and the Book He had given us; told them that I represented the Society that had translated a part of God's Book into their language; that the cause of our troubles was disobedience; that the secret of individual and national success in life was to be found in obedience to the law of God; that it should be the first business of every man to find out the will of God that he might do it.

When I was through speaking, an old chief arose, thanked me very effusively for my interest in them, and asked me to convey their thanks to the people who had sent me. Of course, I could not understand the words; they were interpreted to me later. Then all the remaining Indians, ten or a dozen, arose and simultaneously expressed the same sentiments. I withdrew touched to the heart by this immediate response to my first effort to establish sympathetic relations with the Indians of Peru.

Nature has done much for this whole Andean region; man, little or nothing, except to pollute it physically and morally. Many of the scenes of mountain grandeur and pristine purity of snow-capped peaks must remain with the traveler for

life, as well as the scenes of dire misery, filth, and squalour of the Indian population. I had spent a part of my first morning in Cuzco on the front balcony of the second story of the mission home, gazing entranced at the beautiful panorama presented by the valley before me. Range after range of mountain-tops were to be seen until they faded in the blue distance, approaching each other from opposite sides of the valley with their lowering crests overlapping near the line where the river valley cut across them. Athwart the center of the hazy mountainous background was an immense, elongated, snow-covered giant, that had hitherto defied the attempts of the forces of erosion to bring its top below the snow line. There it stood—a sentinel guarding the valley. The scene was magnificent and inspiring. One could envy the missionaries at Monjaspata the privilege of such an inspirational view before beginning the work of each day.

While my mind was filled with the solemnity of the emotions caused by the impressive mountain scene, Dr. Buchanan called to ask if I would care to take a walk with him to the market place. On leaving the mission compound, we crossed a little, rushing brook, beyond which was a vacant lot that both men and women were using as a toilet, with no sense whatever of the impropriety of so doing. The stench from the open lot was something fearful. One was obliged to use one's handkerchief to

filter, as it were, the polluted air and to keep the nauseating flies from the mouth. The frequency of typhoid needed no further explanation. There was absolutely no need for this condition. The city is on a good slope with the very best of natural facilities for drainage, several streams having their origin farther up the valley run with great rapidity through the city in open ditches beside the cobblestone-paved streets or down the center of the street itself. No effort is made in any of these municipalities of the interior to enforce cleanliness or to inculcate the simplest rules either of hygienic living or of common decency. If I had envied the missionaries their magnificent view from the balcony of the home, I did not envy them the ordeal of passing many times daily through this disgusting, loathsome, nauseating part of the way to and from their work of love in the city.

All missionaries have learned the art of pressing visitors into service, and the representative of the Bible Society likes to be commandeered. Of course, I would speak to the Sunday School in the morning, and at the church service in the evening, but, "How about the service in the jail on Sunday afternoon?" Miss Pinn asked me, hesitatingly. She and Miss Michell had obtained access to the city jail by offering to extract teeth for any prisoners suffering with toothache. I was only too glad of the opportunity to accompany them and to see this phase of their work.

We passed the sentry at the street entrance of the jail and through the narrow door into a grimy-walled enclosure, where we found the jailer and a few of the guard. He received us cordially, shaking hands all round. I had brought with me two hundred copies of the centenary edition of the Gospel of Luke. When I told him that I would like to give one of the small books to each member of the guard, he said that there were eighteen of them and that he would take pleasure in seeing that each man received a copy. I gave him the Gospels for the men. A guard then accompanied us to the barred entrance and unlocked the door in the iron grating to which the prisoners were already pressing in their eagerness to welcome the lady visitors. The gate opened just widely enough to let us pass, closed, and was locked behind us.

We immediately found ourselves in the midst of a passing strange assembly; nearly three hundred unkempt men, Indian, half-breed, and white, crowded into a muddy compound, surrounded by high walls in which were two tiers of small, damp cells. The filth and discomfort of the prison, and the repulsiveness of the unwashed, unkempt inmates, was simply indescribable, yet here were two educated and refined English ladies rejoicing because they had succeeded in securing entrance to such a place in the name of their Master.

How the prisoners crowded around us in their eagerness to receive one of the little books! How



strange that these young ladies should be able to circulate among such men with absolutely no sense of fear. At first we gave the Gospels to only those who demonstrated their ability to read, but, finding that those who could not read were much disappointed at not receiving a copy, I concluded by giving out all I had with me, after satisfying myself that those who were able to read had been first supplied.

The prisoners then gathered around in a crowded standing group, to hear the singing of a hymn, a few verses were read from Luke's Gospel that they had just received, after they had been told where to find the passage. A simple Gospel message was then delivered to a most appreciative audience. During the closing prayer every man stood with bowed and uncovered head. The ladies then went to speak to the few women prisoners, while I accepted, with some reluctance I must confess, the invitation of a prisoner who had been active in helping with the service to have a seat in his cell. I noted a Bible on a box in one corner and remarked my pleasure at seeing it there. "Yes," said he, "this imprisonment, though unjust, has been a good thing for me, since I have found God here." The man seemed to be truly converted. The fact that a man spends years in jail in Peru is not even presumptive evidence that he is a criminal. Several of the prisoners in the Cuzco jail at this time had been there four years

without any kind of trial; having been arrested on suspicion, they were being held until they could prove their own innocence.

As we were leaving the jail, the missionaries obtained permission for us to give the prisoners a lantern lecture the following Wednesday afternoon. I will anticipate by saying that we gave the illustrated lecture on the mission and work of the American Bible Society to as appreciative an audience as I have ever seen. The prisoners were as enthusiastic as children in helping to put up the screen and make the electric connections. The lecture was given in a darkened corridor, crowded to capacity with the standing prisoners. With every movement we were obliged to elbow our way among our standing audience and come in contact with their filthy garments. The odour was anything but agreeable. The way those ladies stood by, helping to handle the slides, etc., without showing the slightest sign of repulsion, smiling upon all and making pleasant remarks as occasion offered, was an object lesson in self-forgetful service.

But to return to Sunday afternoon. After the short service, Miss Pinn asked if any were suffering from toothache. Two men stepped forward, much to the pleasure of the other prisoners, who were anxious to see the fun. Seating the patient astride a chair with his face to the back, Miss Pinn got a grip with the forceps upon the troublesome molar. It was obstinate at first but yielded to firm

persuasion and was held up to be viewed by the applauding spectators. The first patient exhibited the extracted tooth with its cavity while Miss Pinn operated with equal success upon the other, in spite of the impediment to her movements, offered by the interested onlookers. As we passed out we found the jailer and several members of the guard reading the copies of the Gospel that we had given them.

When we entered the mission compound on our return from the jail, Miss Baker came running to meet us, crying out: "The Indians have returned, a whole army of them." As we rounded the corner of the house, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Milham standing with their backs to the wall, their heads and shoulders covered with flower petals that a company of Indians clad in their characteristic ponchos had thrown over them. As soon as we appeared, those Indians who had been in the meeting the night before, ran and embraced me, and, standing me beside Mr. Milham, threw another shower of white petals. There were sixty-two of them. They had brought an interpreter and wanted to show their appreciation for our interest in them and to hear more of the Gospel.

Mr. Milham requested me to speak to them. I told them that God had made us and placed us here to serve Him; that all the misery in the world had come as a result of disobedience to God's law. Man had sinned and gone astray; but that God,

the loving Father, was doing all in His power to redeem and win us back to Himself. He had sent Jesus to show us His will and to provide for us a way of salvation. All of these things are written in a Book which He has also given us that we may find our way to Him. 'Repentance for our wrongdoing and obedience to God is our only way out of trouble into happiness. I then asked the interpreter to read John iii: 16, in Quechua.

I was at a loss what further to say to this unusual company. I wanted to establish some point of contact and the idea occurred to me to question them. So I said: "Now, you have all come here for some purpose. What do you want? Is there anything we can do for you? Any way in which we can help you?" Their answer through the interpreter was prompt and repeated: "We want civilisation. We want civilisation. We want schools where we and our children can learn to read. We are being robbed of our land, our animals, of even our clothing and the labour of ourselves and children because we are ignorant and cannot read or write and do not know how to secure our rights. We know that the laws of Peru are good, but we cannot avail ourselves of them because of our ignorance. The law says our children shall have an education; but the land-owners do not want them to learn. When we do send the children to school, the teachers always use them as servants to work and to run on trivial errands.

They also send them out among the land-owners in the neighbourhood to act as servants in the houses. We are imprisoned on false charges in order to break our spirits. The priests are one with the land-owners and officials. We want Christian, Protestant schools. Please send them as quickly as you can and save us from extermination."

I asked if they would be willing to help with the construction of such schools and with the support of teachers if we could secure them. They replied that they would be willing to make the adobe bricks and do the work connected with the building, and that they would share their food with the teachers. I promised that we would do our best to see that this appeal of theirs reached the ears of the Christian world. I urged them to pray to our loving Heavenly Father for the needed help, and told them that we would continue to pray for them while trying to see what could be done to secure for them the opportunity for an education. Meanwhile, I asked them to come back the next morning at eight, and let me have a photograph taken of all who wanted Christian schools established in their villages and communities. They promised to come.

Promptly at eight A. M. the following day more than one hundred presented themselves. Those who came said there would have been more, but that many had returned to their homes discouraged at the indifference of the government to their appeal for protection. I was not particularly well

pleased with the work of the photographer. He talked and joked in Quechua and in Spanish and succeeded in a measure in getting them to smile. I would have preferred the characteristic sad and serious expression with which they were looking to far-off America as a possible source of the help of which they stand in such desperate need. The fact that some of them were smiling when the photo was taken, however, not only disproves the assertion that the Quechua Indian never smiles, but is an evidence, and for us who were there a memorial, of the way in which these Indians let down the partition of suspicious reserve that they habitually throw up between themselves and the white man, in order to talk to us of their needy condition.

After the photographer left, we gave them a few added words of encouragement and invited them to return in the evening to see some lantern views of my own land which I promised to show them. As they left, every one of the men came and embraced Mr. Milham and myself. The respectful embrace given by a Quechua Indian consists in putting the arms around, one over the shoulder and the other under the opposite arm of the person embraced, but without compressing or even touching him. The Indians all returned at night, and we gave them the illustrated lecture on the front lawn of the missionary home, using the whitewashed outside wall as a screen. Most of those present had never



REPRESENTATIVE QUECHUA INDIANS IN CUZCO APPEALING TO MISSIONARIES  
FOR SCHOOLS





seen anything of the kind before; for such, it was the first glimpse of the outside world. The lecture was on the work of the American Bible Society in the United States and included some public buildings and monuments as well as the White House at Washington and other places of interest. The views that attracted most attention, however, and those that brought a murmur of approval every time one was thrown on the screen, were pictures of school-houses, schools in session, and classes accompanied by their teachers. The lantern lecture was our farewell to these Indians. Our hearts went out to them as they left us. Most of them would leave for their distant homes on the morrow. They were representatives from villages and districts throughout the extensive Department of Cuzco. Some of them had come many days' journey on foot, facing the cold and privation of the higher altitudes. Many had come by roundabout ways in order to avoid meeting land-owners of their acquaintance. Others had traveled by night for the same purpose. Some anticipated being waylaid and beaten for their temerity in demanding the protection of the government. They might even be killed and the murderers go unpunished. Disappointed and discouraged at the attitude of their own government, they had discovered that there was one class of white people who were interested in their welfare, and were returning to their homes with a glimmer of hope, that some-

thing might be done for them by the Christian churches of the Protestant world.

From every quarter, from books and newspapers, from conversation with eye-witnesses, and from what I myself saw, I was abundantly convinced that the Indians under-, rather than over-stated, the wrongs from which they are suffering. A landlord riding in the vicinity of Puno, Peru, with Professor E. C. Phillips, an American educator, came upon a small company of Indians and asked them a question in the native tongue. Upon their indicating one of their number, he spurred his horse towards him. The Indian turned to flee, but could not escape. The man struck him from behind with his riding whip and cut his face open from forehead to chin, making a ghastly wound, and left him covered with blood which spurted from mouth, nose, and the whole length of the face. The brute then returned to Mr. Phillips, remarking: "I will teach him to let mules get into my wheat field." The day before leaving Cuzco, I visited the little dispensary in order to see Dr. Buchanan treat the waiting Indian patients. A strong man presented himself with a badly bruised arm and shoulder and a great gash on the fleshy part of the forearm. To the doctor's questioning, always through an interpreter, the man told how the injuries had been inflicted by a drunken priest, who set upon him with a club armed with spikes and gave him a terrible beating because he had not

come immediately when called. Such outrages are constantly perpetrated with impunity. It would be useless to attempt to detail the interminable list of injustices suffered by the Indian from the land-owners, priests, and civil authorities. Even the soldiers sent by the government in Lima for their protection steal the Indians' blankets and ponchos, outrage their daughters and young wives, and if the male relatives resist, kill or imprison them.

In the centennial number of the Cuzco "Sol," a well-known doctor of the place describes the jail as a vile, loathsome den, and says it would be a good thing if the youth of the city would destroy it like another "Bastille." He goes on to tell of an Indian, Paul Quispe, being tortured, branded with a red-hot iron, and beaten by a land-owner, then sent to the Cuzco jail where he had been lying for months without any trial. The same number of the paper had a four-column article describing in detail the way in which landed proprietors systematically rob the Indians of everything they possess and then, if they offer any resistance, have them shot down by soldiers of the government. This writer affirms and repeats that *there is no justice for the Indian in Peru.*

The full significance of that gathering of Indians in the mission compound, appealing to us for help, did not dawn upon me at the time, and I do not know that I yet comprehend it fully. As far as

I have been able to learn, it is the first time in history that a like representative body of Quechua Indians has ever made such an appeal to the Christian Church. These Indians could not speak nor understand Spanish. They cannot read their own language, and they spoke through an interpreter, but there was no mistaking what they wanted—help from those who knew better than they how to solve life's problems.

While those attempting to evangelise the Indian and help him in his upward struggle will have the encouragement and sympathy of enlightened national leaders, violent opposition may be expected from those interested in keeping him in a state of slavery. I have already spoken of the expulsion of the missionaries from Yungay, Peru. Encouraged by their success in Yungay, the friars attempted to incite the people to drive the Scotch Presbyterian missionaries from Cajamarca. They organised a procession with an image at the head which halted in the street in front of the missionary home. A religious zealot then mounted the balcony opposite and began to read a discourse in which he demanded the expulsion of the Protestants, declaring that they were free masons and socialists, both of which Rome considers special enemies. When he was in the midst of his harangue a young lawyer presented himself at his side and began a speech reminding the people that liberty of worship was the right of all in the Republic. The disgusted



MR. POWLISON BEHIND PRISON BARS FOR THE SAKE  
OF THE GOSPEL, SAN PEDRO, BOLIVIA, 1922.

CAKCHIQUEL INDIAN EVANGELISTS OF CENTRAL  
AMERICA MISSION, ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA.



monk immediately ordered the procession to proceed.

In January, 1922, shortly after my visit to San Pedro the Rev. George Allan was imprisoned at the instigation of the local priest, who then got drunk and boasted that he now had the heretics in his power. Mr. Powlison, of Torocarí, where I passed the night on my way to and from San Pedro, was in jail many weeks and under arrest the greater part of 1922, accused of murder of an Indian boy whom he had befriended. In Spanish countries any one of sufficient standing can make an accusation against another and have him imprisoned on suspicion. The accused must then prove his own innocence in order to obtain his release. The government is under no obligation to prove guilt. Mr. Powlison was given to understand that if he would promise to leave the country all would be well and he would be released. This, however, he refused to do, and his wife and little children waited his return many months alone in the mud-walled hut of the Indian village.

Any work in these countries has its intellectual as well as its spiritual compensations. While the missionary is engaged in the task of evangelisation and community uplift there is ample scope for the continuation of study and personal development as well as abundant opportunity to contribute to the stock of world-knowledge in a variety of intensely

interesting fields of research. Many of the sciences await contributions from Indian America.

These glimpses have dealt almost exclusively with the semi-civilised agricultural and pastoral Indians now occupying the territory of the great pre-Spanish empires and civilisations. Slight reference has been made to the very many small barbarous and savage tribes inhabiting the tropical jungle, or to the sporadic cases of missionary effort to reach them. These also present an important and fascinating field for Christian activity. The present burden of responsibility, however, lies in ministering to these more numerous nations of Maya, Quechua, and Aymará stock whose representatives are already looking to us for help. These will then furnish the workers and leaders to undertake their own burden of helping their weaker and more needy neighbours.

As I view in retrospect the sections of Indian America described, I see the filth and squalour, the poverty and rags, the hopeless apathy depicted on the features; I see an Indian with his face cut open by the cruel whip of the landlord, another with arm and shoulder mutilated by a drunken priest. I see the filthy jails and the wretched hovels. Then I see that body of representative Indians in Cuzco appealing through me to Christian America for help and my heart goes out to God in gratitude for sparing me to bring their message. With the eye of faith I also see advantage taken of this oppor-



tunity for Christian service to the helpless representatives of once powerful nations; I see missionary doctors, nurses, and teachers, dispensaries and hospitals, churches and schools; I see cleanliness and hygiene eliminating smallpox, typhus, and typhoid; I see mothers helped and the great infant mortality checked. As the result of the helping hand finally held out to him in the name of our Master, I see the virile and tenacious redeemed Indian multiplying, prospering, and coming into his own in the marvelous heritage that is his in the heart of the great Continent that God has given him.

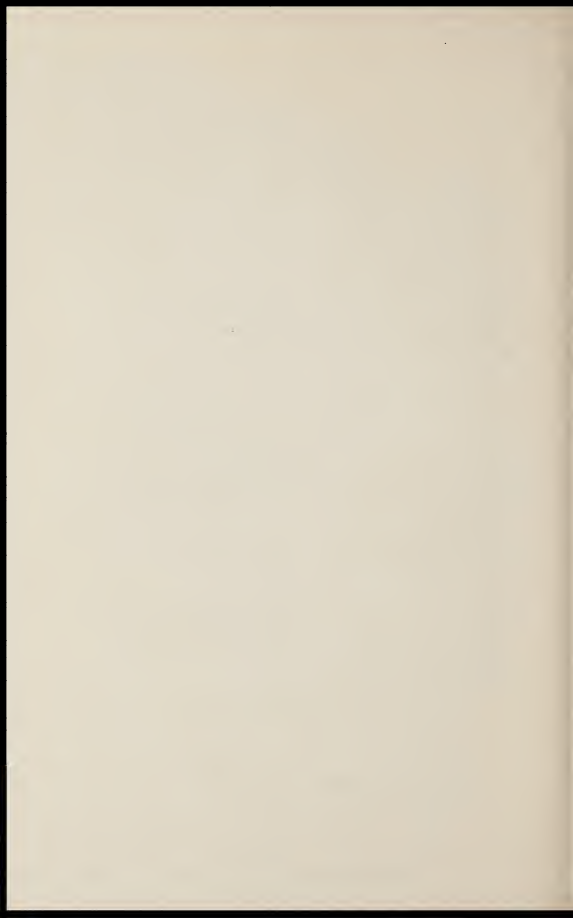
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